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STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. LIII. No. 1372 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1957 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

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What Sort of a Commonwealth?

WHAT sort of a Commonwealth? Does the British Commonwealth even exist as anything more than a term of journalistic art? Is there not a danger, as the Prime Ministers and their substitutes assemble once again in London, of the whole affair being regarded as merely an annual jamboree, with not much more meaning than the Lord Mayor's Show or the New Year Honours List? Is Britain now any more the centre of the Commonwealth than Delhi, Ottawa or Canberra? And would it not be wise to vary the capitals in which the premiers meet?

There is, of course, a special reason of internal politics to explain Mr. Macmillan's decision to convene this particular meeting. If he is to establish his premiership securely, he must rid himself of the curse of Suez. Having "fixed" the Anglo-American alliance, he now faces the more difficult task of repairing the damage which last year's folly did to Commonwealth relations. This may not be so easy as Whitehall hoped. Even getting the invitations accepted can no longer be taken for granted; Mr. Macmillan has called spirits from the vasty deep, but not all of them have come. Britain's changing role in the Commonwealth is well exemplified by the absence, from this week's meeting, of the Prime Ministers of South Africa, Ceylon and New Zealand.

Yet there is something left which brings Nehru, Menzies, Nkrumah, Surahwardy and the rest, despite their differences of outlook and interest, across the world to sit around a common table; and it is something more than protocol or banqueting at Buckingham Palace. It is no longer, for instance, the Crown which holds the group together: the royal symbol may still appeal to the provincialism of Australia and New Zealand; but it means much less in Canada and little or nothing in India and the Gold Coast. It is certainly not a common policy: Suez, South African racialism, Kashmir, the Baghdad Pact, "white" Australia—the issues which divide are perhaps as numerous as those which unite. Nor is it a general desire to accept the political leadership of Britain: when Sir Anthony Eden split the Commonwealth over Suez, he demonstrated the complete divergence of political outlook between the nostalgic "white leadership" school of thought, which prevails in London and Canberra, and the anti-colonial, anti-cold war idealism of the emergent African and Asian countries.

The fact, perhaps, is that the Commonwealth is held together at this moment by little except historical accident—a common language, a common (despite South Africa) cultural tradition, a common mistrust of Russia, and the fact that strategic necessity has not driven the U.S.—as it might have done in other centuries—to occupy physically the position which Britain now occupies only symbolically. But a cohesion such as this cannot endure for long unless it is buttressed up by something much more real. And it can be. The political momentum of the Commonwealth at present derives not from the nostalgia of empire, but from the emergence of free men in parts of the world which have hitherto been subject to external rule. The economic trend is no longer towards the exploitation of backward countries in the interests of shareholders in London, Johannesburg or Melbourne, but towards the development of undeveloped resources in the interest of the people to whom they naturally belong.

If the white Commonwealth can grasp this essential fact—as the British Labour Party seems to have done—a new partnership, based on complete political equality and common economic purpose, can grow to the mutual advantage of all the Commonwealth communities. Such a partnership, which is distinguished from old-fashioned imperialism by its foundation in political equality, could introduce a new and virile political idea, effectively challenging the neo-imperialism of both Russia and America. The test, in other words, of this week's conference, will not be the well-worn platitudes about a "family of nations" and a "frank exchange of views" with which we expect the communiqué to be stuffed, but hard decisions about the Volta scheme in Ghana, the release of sterling balances and the help which India can get towards the fulfilment of her second Five-Year Plan.

Comments on the Week's News

Security and Wire-tapping

It may seem odd that just when the Supreme Court is undoing much of the damage done by the witch-hunt an official government commission should propose new security laws to Congress. But the action in both cases is a reaction against abuses committed in the past. The commission on government security in fact proposes some important safeguards for individuals whose "loyalty" comes under review. First, it reverts to the original position taken during the Truman administration whereby the government must show "reasonable doubt" about an employee's loyalty: under Eisenhower, it had become necessary for an accused person to prove that his work and his interests were consistent with the requirements of the security programme. Secondly, it proposes a clear distinction between "security" cases (people who may be "risks" because of their personal behaviour or associations) and "loyalty" cases: posting or removal for "security" reasons should not carry the stigma of disloyalty. Thirdly, the commission suggests that anyone whose loyalty is questioned should have the right to a hearing, which should include the right to confront and cross-examine informants and to subpœna witnesses for the defence. Each of these proposals would be an improvement, and had they been applied in the past a good deal of injustice and "character assassination" might have been avoided. More controversial, however, is the commission's desire to make publication of classified information an offence, and to give the Attorney-General power to authorise wire-tapping and make evidence thus obtained admissible in the courts. On the first two proposals, a new law would bring American practice into line with our Official Secrets Act and the Royal Prerogative: the third course is fortunately still unacceptable in both the U.S. and Britain. The American press, which enjoys far greater freedom to publish classified information than do British newspapers, understandably objects to a limitation which, it fears, would enable corrupt or foolish public servants to protect themselves by classifying compromising documents. And, hitherto, both Congress and the judiciary have been unwilling to give legal authority to the wire-tapping which is practised on a wide scale: the only good argument for conceding this authority now is that if the power is confined by statute to the Attorney-General, unauthorised wire-tapping would then become a federal offence liable to investigation by the F.B.I. This, of course, could be done without going on to make tapped evidence legally admissible—a practice to which both American and British courts should strongly object.

The Disarmament Labyrinth

The key to the present confused state of the disarmament negotiations lies in Washington rather than Lancaster House. Since the Russians accepted the principle of controlled suspension of tests, Mr. Stassen, with White House backing, has made it clear that he is ready to sign an agreement on this basis, without further strings. The Pentagon, however, is desperately anxious to carry out its present testing programme because it believes it is now within sight of the "clean bomb." Recent tests are claimed to have been 95 per cent. "clean," and if this percentage is further increased, the Pentagon believes that the principle of "clean" testing will become established in popular imagination, the agitation against the tests will die down, and they will be allowed to continue the race for the inter-continental ballistic weapon—which they are convinced they will win—in peace and quiet. Alarmed by the progress at Lancaster House, and disillusioned by their fruitless attempts to "get at" the President, the Pentagon planners have now changed tactics and are busy lobbying Congress. A test-agreement, they argue, even if supervised, will place America at a military disadvantage unless production of fissionable material is also controlled. In response to congressional pressure, the administration has been forced, in public at least, to recognise the validity of this thesis, but it is still not clear whether they will insist on production supervision—at any rate in a detailed form—as an absolute precondition for suspension. At his last press conference, the President implied that he was still prepared to stand by the Stassen position; but the ensuing uproar has now necessitated a "clarification" by Mr. Dulles. His statement, if it means anything at all, suggests that the U.S. will insist on an agreement in principle on production-control, but that it will not necessarily require the details to be worked out before allowing the test-suspension agreement to take effect. (This position is not as illogical as it would seem: test-supervision is a relatively simple matter; but a control-system for production would take months of negotiation.) If this interpretation is correct, it would appear that the White House is still anxious to get a limited agreement. This, at any rate, appears to be the view of the Pentagon, which in desperation has now released General Norstad's secret testimony to Congress on Nato's striking capacity. The temptation to resume the slanging-match—which has grown stronger as the battle in Washington developed—proved too much for Mr. Gromyko, who, at his press-conference on Tuesday, fell headlong into the Pentagon trap.

Report on Hungary

If the Soviet and Kadar governments consider the U.N. report on Hungary to be "maliciously one-sided" they have only themselves to blame. Maintaining the fiction that Soviet troops only intervened at the request of the legitimate Hungarian government, and that the suppression of the revolution was an "internal affair," they refused to co-operate with the special committee. For this reason, the report is more an indictment than a weighing of the facts—for many of the facts must remain unknown or at least obscure as long as we remain ignorant of what happened on the Soviet side. It is, however, a powerful summary of the causes and the course of the revolution, though it does not add very much to what was already known: despite the confusion of last October, the Hungarian revolution is one of the best-reported social upheavals in history. But it puts what is known into coherent form. And while it is bound to leave many questions unanswered it can leave no doubt in anyone's mind that this was a spontaneous national rising which, for all its lack of planning or central leadership, achieved a minimum programme with remarkable despatch and extraordinary agreement among those who took part in it. The report also makes a formidable case against the Soviet authorities and the Kadar group—a case which is greatly strengthened by the continuing persecution of the "counter-revolutionaries." (We note that a wave of protest has forced the "suspension" of the outrageous sentences passed on appeal on two young Hungarian writers.) From a historical standpoint, the weakness of the report is that it cannot argue what-might-have-been: being concerned exclusively with Hungary, it cannot reckon the international consequences of success last October, or even what the long-term impact of the Hungarian revolution will be in eastern Europe.

African Voting

Peculiar things are happening in Central Africa. After a threat of resignation from Premier Garfield Todd, the Southern Rhodesian Government has announced proposals estimated to enfranchise about 8,000 Africans. Meanwhile, Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the Federation, has declared that Africans in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, previously voteless, will be eligible to qualify in the federal franchise. There must be no misapprehension here about the significance of these moves. Both Southern Rhodesia and the Federation are attempting to establish the principle of the common electoral roll, which is a good principle. But they are trying to combine it with permanent white domination, which will not only damn it in African eyes, but may well turn Africans throughout east and central Africa against the common-roll principle as nothing more than another white settlers' tactic. In both cases there are to be two rolls with higher and lower qualifications. They will be virtually white and black rolls. In Southern Rhodesia, the lower one is to be allowed to reach only one-fifth of the upper and then will be permanently closed. In the Federation, both sets of electors will vote for the African

A New Look

Next week the title of The New Statesman and Nation will be shortened to NEW STATESMAN. *This form is being adopted for the sake of simplicity. It implies no change of policy.*

Simultaneously some typographical changes will be made. Minerva, a new type face designed by Reynolds Stone, will be used for the article headings, and the front page has been redesigned as shown below:

New Statesman
The Week-end Review
The Wrong Side of the Barricades

Next week's issue will include
KINGSLEY MARTIN on the new title
J. B. PRIESTLEY on Accents
and the first part of an important supplement on
The Struggle for the Middle East

members, whose election will thus be controlled by the whites. The idea of what is considered to be "responsible" political opinion may be judged from the fact that a person barely literate, who earns £60 a month or has property valued at £1,500, is to be given full voting rights, while those with full secondary-school education and a low income can qualify only for the limited roll. Thus a premium for political responsibility is placed on wealth. As male school teachers can reach the £20 a month minimum income qualification only after 13 years, and female teachers after 18, the claim that opportunity is open to all is exposed as a sham.

Forty-hour Week

Why has the demand for a 40-hour week suddenly come back on to the industrial scene? It has, of course, been on the programmes of the T.U.C. and of many leading unions for a long time past; but in view of the post-war shortage of labour it was decided not to press it immediately, and 44 or 45 hours have been for some time the standard in a number of trades. This year, the unsuccessful attempt to resist wage advances and the partly successful attempt to impose a year's standstill before the next applications can be made, led the A.E.U., followed by a number of other unions, to declare in favour of a demand for shorter hours as not falling within the ban; and there will undoubtedly be strong pressure at this year's T.U.C. for a general demand, possibly coupled with a claim for longer and higher paid holidays. The renewed urgency of the demand is connected with fears of a recurrence of unemployment on a significant scale as a consequence of automation. The reductions in the standard week since before the war have not meant in practice any fall in hours actually worked, but instead an increase in overtime payments; and many employers profess to regard the claim for a 40-hour week as being aimed rather as a further increase in such payments than as a reduction in the actual length of the working day. The unions deny this and assert their desire to limit the amount of overtime worked; but it is by no means certain that they have the full support of their members in this matter. Nevertheless, with the 40-hour week already established in both the United States and France, it is natural that the claim should be pressed here, and that the special arguments used against it after 1945 should by now have lost most of their cogency.

Transport Deficit

The report and accounts of the British Transport Commission, published today, reflect the decision to transfer the railway deficit to a special account, to be held in suspense until the railway modernisation scheme is completed in the early 1960s. The exclusion of the railways from the Commission's general accounts enables it to show a surplus of £3 million, after transferring £57½ million to the special account in respect of accrued deficits up to 1955 and of that year's railway deficit of £16½ million. Last year's deficit was high mainly because the government decided, despite rising costs, to hold railway charges stable as an anti-inflationary measure. The railways, though they are now able to raise their charges and have gained greater freedom to discriminate in fixing them, are certain to incur further large deficits in future years; but the Commission remains confident that they will be able to cover their costs when the modernisation scheme has had time to become effective, and that thereafter they will be earning substantial surpluses. Considerable steps have already been taken towards decentralisation of railway management, and further measures are on the way.

Why Public Ownership?

The mere approval of Labour's new policy on public ownership has been the signal for the first attacks on the proposal for the state to acquire shares in a number of private concerns—although the document setting out the scheme in detail will not be published for two weeks. The line of attack is already clear: Labour is to be denounced for "back-door nationalisation" and for continuing to make a fetish of public ownership. Both these complaints, which have been given useful support by Sir Hartley Shawcross and Mr. Stokes, miss the point. It is a good platform point to say that Labour diehards so believe in nationalisation for its own sake that they will push on with public ownership regardless of the condition of the industry or firms concerned. But the criticism is fat-headed. The experience of the post-war Labour governments showed that, whatever weaknesses there may have been in the form of nationalisation employed, without a substantial degree of public ownership our economy would have been in a far worse plight. That experience also showed that a Labour government—even when armed with extensive controls now discarded—could not effectively resist the lobbying of private industry so long as it remained entirely dependent upon its goodwill. In order to get a proper balance in the economy, a much greater power of direction is required over investment, production and price policies. This cannot be done by picking out industries or firms which are inefficient, under-capitalised or monopolistic. There has to be a means of control which reaches more selectively through the economic machine. The real grounds of opposition to the new scheme are unlikely to be stated honestly. Private owners, who are quite happy for the state to take over white elephants and who can make political capital out of the inevitable difficulties, do not see why the state should be cut into the profits and capitals gains of the industry they still control.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Second-class Citizens

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Those on the left who, for some time, have been warning that the prolongation of the Algerian war must inevitably lead to the introduction of Fascist methods in France itself, are often accused of undue pessimism. French traditions of democracy and freedom, it is said, go too deep for French people ever to accept an authoritarian regime. This week, however, M. Bourgès-Maunoury, who narrowly survived the debate on the new taxes, is asking the Assembly to grant him special powers which, by their very nature, violate both the constitution and French democratic traditions. Under the new bill, the government is to be allowed to extend the emergency powers of arrest and detention, which already apply in Algeria itself, to cover "all persons born in Algeria, irrespective of their present place of residence."

Under existing emergency regulations, M. Lacoste, the Minister-Resident, can place any Algerian suspected of giving aid to the rebels, in what are euphemistically called *camps d'hebergement;* he can, alternatively, put them under house-arrest and he can order houses and property to be searched, and documents seized, without warrant. By extending these powers to embrace a section of France's inhabitants, the new law will, in effect, create a category of second-class citizens, who in all important respects will be outside the protection of the law. Anyone who happens to have been born in Algeria can now be arrested and imprisoned by virtue of a simple decision of his local prefect. And the regulations, it should be noted, apply not only to the 400,000 Algerian Moslems now living in metropolitan France—against which, of course, it is aimed—but to such distinguished gentlemen as Albert Camus and Marshal Juin, who were born in Oran and Constantine respectively.

The new law is a clear breach of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which prohibits any distinction between citizens on grounds of race, origin and place of birth. It is also a breach of the constitution of the Fourth Republic (1946), whose Article 1 states that "citizens are equal in law," and whose Article VI reads: "The law must be the same for all, both as regards protection and punishment." It runs contrary to all the traditions of French jurisprudence, and is without precedent since the foundation of the Republic, except during the dark days of Vichy. Many people, moreover, fear it is merely the first of a series of encroachments on public liberties in France. The grounds on which it is justified—the need to "defend the Republic"—could be used equally well to promote a further extension to cover citizens of French birth who oppose the war. Already it is rumoured that the government has plans to suppress the C.P. and other organisations working for a negotiated solution.

Fortunately, the bill is so patently anti-democratic that it has aroused violent opposition even among some sections of opinion which, in other respects, support "pacification" in Algeria. The Socialist Federation of the Seine, for example, which backs the Lacoste-Mollet faction, has unanimously voted a motion condemning it—a healthy sign on the eve of the party congress at Toulouse. Some anti-Mollet Socialists are optimistic enough to believe that, in the last resort, the party will choose to overthrow the Bourgès-Maunoury government rather than endorse this flagrant attempt to estabish Fascist procedures in France.

Bonn

Election Line-up

A Correspondent writes: The Bundestag is now completing its law-making for the present four-year period, and all parties are preparing for the September 15 election. In fact, much recent legislation has seemed of the vote-catching sort—a preliminary to the direct appeal to the electorate, especially to the 33 per cent. new and unattached voters who may decide the issue three months hence. The early intervention of the Roman Catholic Church surprised and annoyed those Germans who hoped that organised religion would stand apart from party strife. The Bishop of Muenster announced that no practising Catholic could vote Socialist (SPD), since Marxism is opposed to the Church's belief on natural law. The Archbishop of Paderborn condemned "talks about co-existence and tolerance"

as originating in "indolence and cowardice." The anti-Socialist declaration is generally regarded as plain propaganda for Adenauer. But the condemnation of "tolerance" is embarrassing to his party, since the Christian Democratic Union depends for its very existence upon co-operation between Catholics and Protestants.

The different parties have now presented their election programmes. The CDU will play up Adenauer as the national leader who will continue the unparalleled prosperity at home and increased prestige abroad. The Chancellor, to judge from his recent Bamberg speech, may campaign on: "Christianity or Communism—CDU or SPD." At the Hamburg conference, the CDU thought it had a winner in the slogan "shares for all," and announced that a start would be made with the allocation of "people's shares" in the Volkswagen works. But the necessary legislation is unlikely to be introduced this session because ownership of the Volkswagen works has yet to be settled. The whole project therefore appears like an election stunt to the average German. The CDU was much concerned a few weeks ago lest public opinion would swing against the government on the question of atomic weapons. The situation looked quite black at the time of the Goettingen manifesto. Public opinion appeared to be strongly on the SPD side in this matter. But despite his great fear of atomic warfare, the average German soon became perturbed at the possible consequences of the SPD's statement that allied troops on German soil would not be allowed to have such weapons. Suppose the Americans threatened to withdraw their troops, where would this country find any effective defence, at such a comparatively cheap price?

The SPD is determined to do everything possible to be in the next government. The prospect of four more years in the opposition is not encouraging. Few people believe the SPD can win an outright victory in September, but there is the possibility that it can form part of a coalition government. So long as Adenauer remains in power there is little chance of a CDU-SPD coalition. There may, however, be one with the Free Democrats, much like the coalition in the state government of North Rhineland-Westphalia. This is one of the reasons why the SPD seeks to present itself as a middle-of-the-road party, anxious for the support of the lower middle-class, as well as the workers. Its ten-point programme contains much that is acceptable to all parties here. On public ownership, the SPD is "not against private ownership, only against uncontrolled power" (Ollenhauer). It wants peace through disarmament and *détente*, is opposed to conscription and the armaments race; on reunification, most Germans now accept the SPD standpoint that this depends largely upon international developments. They would also agree that the Chancellor's policy of the cold war and the so-called policy of acting from superior strength is politically outdated, that "security must come through peaceful reunification in freedom, and through understanding between the German nation and its neighbours in east and west."

Unfortunately, for the SPD, there seems little desire for a change of government. Economic prosperity is working for the party in power. As for the smaller parties, the *Deutsche Partei*, the FDP and the Refugee Party, they are mainly concerned to make alliances with the larger parties, which will enable them to get the necessary five per cent. vote without which they could lose all representation in the next Bundestag. Most important is the future strength of the Free Democrats. They were 46 at the beginning of the present parliament, but have since split up into two parties, the smaller of which (FVP) is still in the government. The Free Democrats themselves have not stated their views about any post-election coalition with any party. This will depend naturally upon the September 15 results. At the moment Adenauer seems as strong as ever.

Rangoon

The End of a Rebellion?

A Burmese Correspondent writes: For the last few weeks in Burma the big question has been: "When will Thakin Than Tun and his 'White Flag' Communists come out of the jungle?" There were rumours once that they were going to emerge last March, the ninth anniversary of their futile and wasting rebellion. Now rumours are current again that the great day will be July 19, Martyrs' Day, when, ten years ago, Aung San was murdered. Than Tun does not think in terms of "surrender," which is such an ugly word. He wants parleys with the government, and frequently writes to Premier Nu, or to such "above-ground" intermediaries as the "Red Socialist" Burma Workers and Peasants Party and Bo Let Ya, one-time deputy premier, now a businessman with some political ambitions. The Communists also appeal to the press and the people by writing letters or distributing pamphlets in Rangoon and everywhere. There is no admission of error from Than Tun even now. He still considers the rebellion justified because "the Nu government was patently an imperialist stooge then," and he is now prepared to talk peace because the government's Socialist programmes and friendly relations with east European countries and China have convinced him that Nu has at last shaken himself free.

U Nu has been stoutly resisting all pressures to negotiate with the Communists. He has stated his government's policy on this in parliament, to the press and in all of his public speeches. Than Tun and his men must surrender first; there can be no bargaining with men who are breaking the law. To those who surrender, every leniency will be shown. The last amnesty, offered last year to enable the Communists to come out and fight the April parliamentary elections, came to an end in March. It cannot be revived, but those who surrender now may be pardoned altogether, or formally prosecuted and later let off. Clemency, U Nu says, and not amnesty, is the promise, though his own distinction between the two is not sufficiently sharp. After the taint of rebellion has been removed, all the constitutional liberties will be restored to individual Communists.

Than Tun keeps bargaining for better terms. He wants to avoid use of the word "surrender." He wants guarantees first that the Communist Party will be legalised—it was declared illegal only in 1953, five years after the party rebelled. If the government cannot negotiate as a government, Than Tun suggests that it should name public men as its representatives for the talks; and he obligingly suggests the suitable men and women. And here the situation rests. A few young Communists have "chosen freedom" and gained their liberty, and some privileges from the government as reward. They say the Communists are crumbling, that Than Tun is sick, that their final collapse is imminent. They may be right, or they may be saying what the government finds sweet to hear. But one thing is known: Than Tun has already died a hundred deaths if government intelligence or wishes have been true.

Westminster

Black Magic

On its return, the House of Commons was immediately more interested in telephone-tapping than in any other subject. Though the question had been first raised by Mr. Marcus Lipton, and though Mr. Arthur Lewis had quickly got into the act, no one treated it as a mare's nest. Yet, on Tuesday, and again on Wednesday, the earlier questions were so prolonged that by half past three we were still some way off what the House most wanted to hear; and though both the Prime Minister and Mr. R. A. Butler were in their places on Tuesday, and Mr. Ernest Marples, the Postmaster-General, was there on Wednesday, all of them preferred to circulate discreet written answers rather than risk cross-examination by giving oral answers.

This timidity will not buy them more than a few days' relief. For here is just the kind of question which turns party politicians into members of parliament. Butler's dead-pan denial of information can, and often does, serve him well on some issues. But if he persists with it on this he may find himself out of office; and if he thinks that he can settle the matter by a cosy chat with Mr. Hugh Gaitskell and Mr. Jo Grimond, the Prime Minister, too, is in for a surprise.

Although there is considerable disagreement on some of the principles and on many of the details, members are, I think, unanimous on two points. The first is that Lipton has raised something which seriously affects an individual's rights and liberties. The second is that, whatever may be the rights or wrongs of telephone-tapping, it was wrong for anyone to hand over the transcripts of such tapping to a private body like the Bar Council. There is a third, though minor, point of unanimity. It is that in the coming debate we may be spared Sir Hartley Shawcross. The conscious rectitude with which Shawcross judges the actions of others is only slightly less irritating than the lofty disdain with which he dismisses criticism of his own actions. A head arrogantly held above the battle does not go with a nose buried diligently in tapped transcripts.

But here unanimity ends. There are some who believe that no telephone should ever be tapped. The police and M.I.5, they say, must do their work by other means. Some of the others who believe that telephone-tapping in some circumstances is justifiable do not believe that in present circumstances it is legal. They say that there is no record, at any rate since 1189, of the prerogative being extended to cover this practice and that any prerogatives created before that date would hardly deal with telephones. They therefore demand legislation expressly to permit it but only in specified circumstances.

But in what circumstances? Most members would answer: "Only where treason is suspected." But at once they find themselves in difficulties of logic when they defend their dividing line. Should not the police be allowed to tap telephones to detect or prevent serious crime? This is no new dilemma. It raises itself whenever police and security, powers and practices are discussed.

However, though there may be confusion and doubts, the genuine concern of the House is obliterating party lines. Mr. K. P. Thompson, the Assistant Postmaster-General, has thought this a tactful moment to announce that "Britain is on the verge of almost magical development in the telephone service." Most members, regardless of party ties, are determined to see that this magic shall be white. At present it looks pretty black.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

The Doctrine of a Hundred Flowers

MAO TSE-TUNG'S address on *The Correct Handling of Contradictions among the People* (delivered in February and published in June) represents a most radical repudiation of Stalinism. It is certainly more thoroughgoing than was Krushchev's "secret" speech at the 20th Congress. Krushchev, despite the vehemence of his tone and his macabre exposures, did not go beyond a purely negative condemnation of the personal cult and of Stalin's "errors" and "abuses of power"—he did not criticise the basic economic and political conceptions of Stalinism. On the contrary, he argued from the supposedly sane and rational Stalinism of the 1920s and early 1930s against the excesses and the insanity of the latter-day orthodoxy. Mao Tse-tung subjects to a critique Stalin's entire management of the economy and method of government.

With the mandarin's discretion and tact he makes this critique only by implication and concentrates on developing a positive alternative to Stalinism. He is evidently anxious not to give undue offence to Stalin's successors in Moscow; and he wishes to spare the Communist movement at home and abroad another shock of the kind that Krushchev has inflicted on it.

Mao attempts, in effect, to redefine the whole concept of proletarian dictatorship and to restore to it the meaning which Marxists generally gave to it before the onset of the Stalin era. From the doctrinal point of view his ideas are therefore far from original; but this does not lessen their immense political importance. In the U.S.S.R., Socialism, the totalitarian state and the monolithic party had become identified to such an extent that Communists brought up in the Stalinist school of thought could not even imagine the one without the other. Against this, Mao holds that Socialism can and indeed must dissociate itself from the totalitarian state, which is essentially alien to it, and that the Communist Party to be united and effective in action need not at all be "monolithic" in thought. This is what Krushchev and his colleagues will not admit even now after all they have done to reform and "liberalise" post-Stalin Russia.

The "people's democratic dictatorship" (which is the Chinese euphemism for "proletarian dictatorship"), Mao argues, should suppress only the "reactionary classes" and the confirmed counter-revolutionaries; but it must not deny democratic freedoms to workers and peasants and even to the "national bourgeoisie": "dictatorship does not apply in the ranks of the people."

Mao's appeal, "let a hundred flowers blossom; and let a hundred schools of thought contend," has already been turned by sheer repetition into a cliché and a slogan. However, Mao restores some freshness to it when he argues against those Communists who ask anxiously how to tell the flower from the weed and how to distinguish which of the hundred schools of thought contribute to the growth of Socialism and which obstruct it. Mao replies that Communists must be tolerant and take risks. They must even let the weeds grow, for in politics and in spiritual life the distinction between weed and flower is not at all clear.

As if paraphrasing a great English agnostic, Mao reminds his followers that it is the customary fate of new truth to begin as heresy; and, citing appropriately Marxism as an example, he pleads that the party should allow any heresy, as distinct from the obviously counter-revolutionary attitude, the chance and the time to prove itself; and that it should, in any case, beware lest the Marxist truth itself ends in superstition. (Here Mao argues exactly as Trotsky did nearly 35 years earlier!)

In the arts, for instance, he does not proclaim "Socialist realism", officially still sacrosanct in Moscow, as the obligatory creed of the Communist writer and painter—he does not even mention it. Moreover, Mao states emphatically that in philosophy and even in politics Marxism should not claim a monopoly for itself. After, as before, the revolution Marxism must struggle for its ascendancy in open contest with other ideologies, and it cannot do so unless it allows those other ideologies freedom of expression. Mao remains as convinced as ever that Marxism "formulates correctly the laws of historic development"; but precisely because of this, he holds, it cannot and does not claim to be above those laws.

How does Mao apply these principles to the more severe regions of economics and practical politics? Here, too, he acknowledges as legitimate a diversity of social interests and conflicts of interests within the framework of a Socialist regime. In somewhat scholastic style, in rudimentary Hegelian terms mixed with truisms borrowed from Lao Tsu, he speaks about the various categories of "contradictions" and lists three of these: 1, the "antagonistic", that is irreconcilable, conflicts; 2, the "non-antagonistic" ones which lend themselves naturally to conciliation and accommodation; and 3, the intermediate type of conflict which prudent Communist policy can mitigate and resolve peacefully, while a blundering policy may aggravate such conflicts and give them an explosive character.

Only the struggle between revolution and unmistakable counter-revolution, says Mao, is irreconcilable; and he goes on to proclaim that the era of this struggle is definitely over for China. Ordinary class struggle will continue; but it should be conducted in an evolutionary and reformist manner, not in violent, revolutionary forms. The divergent or conflicting claims of the working class, the peasantry, the bureaucracy, and the "national bourgeoisie" can and should be settled through mutual compromise in the process of Socialist construction.

In effect, Mao proclaims China's N.E.P., or rather he proclaims that the Chinese N.E.P.—China has known no War Communism—is established "seriously and for long," as Lenin once said of Russia's N.E.P. The basic ideas of Mao's N.E.P. are indeed the same as Lenin's, although there are important new features in the application. The main principle is that the "construction of Socialism" should proceed within the framework of a mixed economy, in which the "Socialist sector" should expand by transforming "peacefully" and gradually absorbing the "private sector," not by destroying or suppressing it violently as it was done in Russia.

One may read into Mao's words a retrospective criticism of the Stalinist abolition of the N.E.P. of forcible collectivisation and of the "liquidation of the kulaks as a class," which now appear to him as colossal errors through which Stalin needlessly aggravated "non-antagonistic" conflicts in Soviet society, and turned these into bloody convulsions and war *à outrance*. Whether this is or is not what Mao has intended to say about Stalin's "second revolution" of 1929-32, he leaves us with no doubt that he envisages no such "second revolution" for China, where it would be an unmitigated calamity.

Although Mao preaches now for China the "inevitability of gradualness," his variety of N.E.P. is incomparably more leftish than that which was in operation in Russia, under Stalin's and Bukharin's direction from 1924 to 1929. He does not destroy or expropriate the Chinese bourgeoisie, but he buys up its property cautiously, by degrees, yet relentlessly, in a manner not very different from that in which the large capitalist concern absorbs small family businesses. The Chinese state is already a major shareholder in all "capitalist" enterprises. The private owner receives interest on his capital, or a share in profits, in addition to the salary he gets as a state employee. The bourgeoisie is thus spared the shock of sudden unsettlement and social degradation and is given time to adjust itself to new conditions; while the state benefits by using the bourgeoisie's managerial experience and skill, which were largely wasted in Russia.

Similarly, the collectivisation of farming is progressing by slow degrees and subtle transitions; and confiscation of property and the use of coercion are avoided. The present co-operatives, which already embrace the bulk of the peasantry, are based mainly on the pooling of labour—the pooling of land, implements, and cattle is planned to take place at later stages; and the process is to be drawn out over many years. In this way the Chinese Communists hope gradually to form in the peasantry the habits of collectivist work, to condition its mind for new economic forms, and to avoid exasperating the peasants and driving them to revolt.

Stalin, it will be remembered, switched from one extreme, that of appeasing and pampering the kulaks, to the opposite extreme of "liquidating" them. Mao seems anxious to avoid any of these extremes. The outcome of the Chinese collectivisation cannot yet be taken, and is not taken by Mao himself, for granted; but, by avoiding the "rightist" errors of the Russian N.E.P., Mao's party may indeed be in a better position than Stalin's was to avoid a cataclysmic collision with the peasantry. In any case, the Leninist idea of a transition to Socialism through N.E.P. is given its first practical and gigantic trial in China; in Lenin's own country it was never applied.

Mao makes his most striking departure from Stalinism in labour policy. Bluntly, without hedging, he declares that the workers have the right to strike, and that incitement to strike must not be punished in any way. If workers have grievances and down tools, the fault, as a rule, lies with the bureaucracy; and in so far as strikes help to keep the bureaucracy in its place, they may even be welcome. Here, too, Mao's reasoning links up with that of Lenin, who expressed the same view more subtly when he said that "the workers are bound in duty to defend their state, but they should also defend themselves against their state."

If workers, peasants, and other social groups are to be free to exercise their pressures upon the state, it follows that the state must, in its economic policy, give greater weight to consumer interests than it has given hitherto. Mao says, in effect, that China need not rely as much as Russia did on forced saving to provide her with the sinews of investment; and that a better balance must be maintained between light and heavy industry. If, as a result, industrialisation does not proceed at break-neck speed, it will develop on a sounder basis, with less waste, and less suffering to the people. Mao also spurns the edifying lie on which Stalinism lived and he insists with great emphasis that there is no paradise around the

corner and that it must take China "many decades" before she catches up with the advanced countries.

When the Russian Communists introduced N.E.P., the act was described as an attempt to steer the revolution "down a steep hill, with brakes on". This description may be applied with even better reason to what is going on in the Communist world at present. De-Stalinisation is indeed for all Communist parties a descent with brakes on, only that some of these parties have to go down very steep hills, while others move on gentler slopes.

Mao's is a relatively mild slope; and he has so far handled his brakes more skilfully and with a more even temper than Krushchev, who has rushed down one or two stretches of his very steep hill with no brakes on. Mao's attitude reflects, of course, certain peculiarities of the Chinese revolution.

Communist China has not been an "isolated and besieged fortress" as was Bolshevik Russia in the course of three decades; and Soviet assistance has smoothed China's progress. Consequently, only seven years after the revolution, the Chinese economy, which started from a lower level than the Russian, appears to have achieved an advance comparable to that which Russia achieved only after 11 or 12 years of Bolshevik rule.

In part this was due to a big difference in the fortunes of the two regimes. The Bolsheviks *first* seized power and *then* had to fight civil wars and resist foreign intervention. The Chinese Communists, on the contrary, fought their civil war *before* they seized power; and so once they took office they were more or less free to turn to constructive economic tasks. This difference has had important political consequences. Any nation driven by misery and despair to make a revolution looks forward hopefully and impatiently to the fruits of revolution; and it judges its new rulers according to whether these fruits are forthcoming or not. They cannot be forthcoming if civil war develops after the revolution. In 1924-25, seven years after they had seized power, the Bolsheviks still faced the nation they ruled—empty-handed; while the Chinese Communists can already take pride in having improved the people's lot. Consequently, China has experienced little of the social and political tensions, of the disillusionment of the masses, and of their estrangement from the Communist rulers which were characteristic of post-revolutionary Russia and to which the Bolshevik leaders reacted with an obsession of fear and insecurity, with an acute distrust of the people and a determination to crush all opposition and to set up a totalitarian state.

Mao and his colleagues appear to be more or less free from such obsession and distrust. Their system of government, for all the terror that has gone into its making, has never had the massive, mechanical, and nightmarish oppressiveness of Stalinism. Their party has not been shaken and torn by any internal conflict as dramatic and bitter as the struggle between Stalin and Trotsky which was already at its height seven years after the revolution and resulted in the party's mental paralysis and moral degradation. (The Chinese party, on the other hand, has never enjoyed the inner party democracy which was characteristic of early Bolshevism.)

Thus for a variety of reasons the Chinese have not moved in the totalitarian direction even half the way the Russians have gone. This makes it easier for them to withdraw now, to change direction, and to strive for a non-totalitarian Communist regime. This is not to say that they are ready to withdraw all the way, for they are beset by the dilemma which is inherent in any single party system. The dilemma is this: If various social interests are to be allowed scope for exercising pressure, and if diversity of opinion is to be tolerated and even encouraged, will this not result in the breakdown of the single party system, in which most Communists still see a condition of the revolution's survival, and in the emergence of several parties?

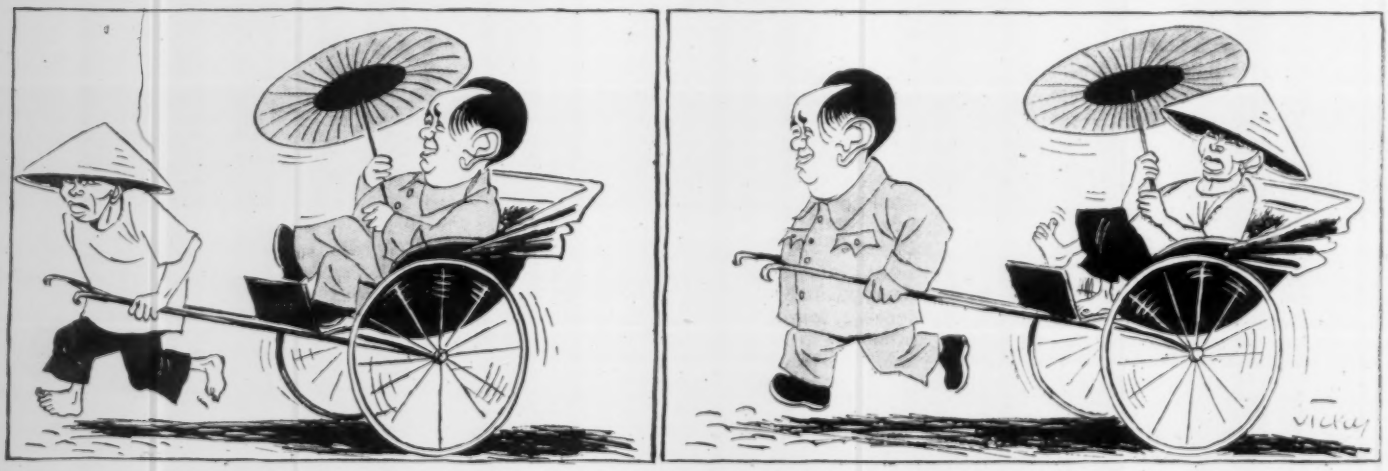
It is curious to note how Mao wrestles with this problem. He first refers to some people in China who have already, under the influence of the remote Hungarian rising, asked "for the adoption of the two-party system of the West, where one party is in office and the other out of office." He rejects this demand quite categorically. Yet, as the Chinese Communist regime is not nominally a single-party system, for it has allowed various non-Communist parties to lead a shadowy existence, Mao goes on to argue that the middle classes should be allowed political expression and that "the democratic parties of the bourgeoisie and petty-bourgeoisie should be allowed to exist" side by side with the Communist Party "for a long time to come"; they should even "supervise" the Communist Party as the latter "supervises" them. However, in no circumstances must the "bourgeois parties" behave like an opposition striving for office.

It would probably be wrong to say that all this is sheer hypocrisy and make-believe, and that Mao is merely interested in using puppet-parties as a façade. What he really wants—and this is true of Gomulka as well—is a half-way house between the single-party system and a multi-party set up. He would like the non-Communist parties to act as real and even vigorous pressure groups, but not as the alternative government. The trouble, from the Communist viewpoint, is that such parties, half-real and half-puppet, tend to assume blood and flesh and to become virtual pretenders to power at moments of crisis, when the Communist Party seems to lose or only to loosen its grip. Both Mao and Gomulka have already found themselves compelled to address stern warnings to their non-Communist or bourgeois parties.

Let us now try to foreshadow briefly the impact which Mao's pronouncement is likely to have on the U.S.S.R. and other Communist countries. Mao's statement has come at a most inopportune moment to those in Moscow who have since the Hungarian revolt exerted themselves to curb, and to reverse in part, the process of de-Stalinisation. *Pravda* has nevertheless had no choice but to publish Mao's address in full. It is now avidly read, scrutinised, and pondered, by many millions of Soviet citizens who draw from it their own conclusions.

There is not a shadow of doubt that Mao's words are giving a new and powerful impulse to de-Stalinisation. He has come to the rescue of the intellectual opposition in Russia, especially the writers and historians who are at present under strong attack for the heresies they have voiced. They will turn his words into their battle-cry, especially the words about the flowers and the weeds, about the harm of hot-house protection for Marxism and the advantages of tolerating heresy.

More important than the repercussions in intellectual circles, may be the impression which Mao makes on the Soviet working class. For nearly 35 years Soviet workers have been told that to strike under a Socialist regime is a counter-revolutionary crime. Masses of workers have spent many years in concentration camps not even for striking, but for ordinary absenteeism and still lesser offences. Now Mao tells the Russians that the worker has a right to strike, that if he downs tools not he but the bureaucrat must be blamed and that strike agitation should go unpunished. All this is political dynamite for Russia. "Why should we," Soviet workers will ask, "be deprived, 40 years after the revolution, of the rights which the Chinese enjoy after seven years? Are



" . . . certain contradictions do exist between . . . those in positions of leadership and the led . . . "

—MAO TSE-TUNG

we now the coolies?" Nor are the workers likely to miss the significance of Mao's incidental remarks directed against too wide discrepancies in wages and salaries, or to miss the quasi-egalitarian tenor of his strictures at the bureaucracy.

To sum up, Mao's speech will hardly stun and confuse minds in the Communist world as Krushchev's "secret" speech did; but it contributes solidly to the winding up of the Stalinist orthodoxy and method of government.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

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London Diary

THE letter we are publishing this week from Mr. Stephen Murray sets out the facts about the death of his father, Gilbert Murray, who at the age of 91 was given the last sacrament according to the rites of the Catholic Church when he was at best semi-conscious. The impression left on me, on his son and, I believe, on most readers of this journal, is one of extreme distaste. Gilbert Murray's life and reputation cannot be affected one way or another by what happened on his death-bed. The controversy seems to me humbug. He was, as the world knows, and his son says, "a reverent agnostic," and he has helped innumerable other people by his humanist teaching. Nothing can alter that, and the pretence that he died in any other faith is nauseating to all his admirers, including his daughter who is a Catholic.

* * *

While the western world is rightly shocked at each revelation of Soviet oppression in Hungary, the nasty, silent tyranny in Portugal remains as nasty, silent and tyrannous as when I wrote about it a few months ago—indeed, as it has been for the last quarter of a century. *Le Monde* is the only paper in which I have seen even a report that 20 out of the 52 students who have been tried in Oporto have been condemned to various punishments, ranging from fines to long prison sentences. This, of course, takes no notice of the months that many of them have spent in jail or of the ruin of all their careers, acquitted and convicted alike. Nor is there any mention of the two witnesses who are said to have committed suicide under questioning. The worst feature of the whole business is that honest Portuguese who have usually committed no crime except that of criticising Salazar's clerical tyranny, are being picked up, kept in prison for six months, without trial or inquiry. The police need not even trouble to mention their detention for that length of time. One trick is to arrest a student just before his exams so that his professional career is blasted. Another trick is to punish people by the deprivation of civil rights; this means that in the case of law or medical students they will not be permitted to practise their professions. An effective and silent form of tyranny. Professor Ruy Luis Gomes, a distinguished mathematician, and four others, are now on trial. The professor was arrested in August, 1954, held until trial in April, 1955, and convicted. He successfully appealed, was rearrested, and is now being tried again for the offence of signing a manifesto in favour of a plebiscite in Goa.

* * *

Lord Listowel's appointment as the first Governor-General of Ghana is singularly happy. Mr. Macmillan is to be congratulated upon it—no matter whether or not it is regarded as an act of repentance for earlier notably inept appointments. The important point is not that Listowel is a Labour stalwart of long standing, but that he is known to every African and Asian as a man who has long fought for the cause of colonial independence, and has the honourable prestige of having been the Secretary of State for India; and then for Burma when India and Burma won their independence. Since then he has worked for many such causes, including, notably, for a peaceful and honest settlement for Cyprus. If someone complains that he is a modest, quiet and not a dynamic character, I reply that no one will get on better with a people who are flexing their political muscles; that integrity and understanding rather than showmanship are just the qualities that he has and which are wanted.

* * *

"The world does not care about us," said a Palestine refugee to Paul Johnson, travelling recently in the Middle East. "So we will make it care. We would rather be the cause of a world war than accept our fate." After a visit to the Akabat Refugee Camp at Jericho, such a view was, Paul Johnson admitted, only too intelligible. Since UNRWA was created in 1950, it has managed to provide the 900,000 Arab refugees with a mud-and-concrete hut, four yards by three, for each family of five, plus basic rations, mainly of flour, of 1,500 calories a day. Not very much; only just enough, in fact, to fend off starvation. Now even this slender minimum is threatened by the decline in government contributions (chiefly French) to UNRWA's budget. At Akabat, he saw refugees medically classified as "undernourished"—mainly children and old people—queue up for the daily hot meal which UNRWA provides as a supplementary service. The quality of the food was miserable, the kitchen-staff overworked and exasperated, the refugees, who had been waiting several hours, hungry and rebellious. By the time they got to the head of the queue, some were so nervous that they dropped the plates of beans thrust into their hands (next to undernourishment, nervous diseases are the biggest medical problem in the camps). After September—unless UNRWA's director-general succeeds in raising funds on his present visit to America—this meals service will have to be abandoned. So also will the primary education programme—for most refugees the only chance of escape from the hell in which they live. I have heard people in the West argue that it is only by precipitating a crisis of this nature, that the Arab states can be forced to face the problem squarely and resettle the refugees. Realising what "precipitating a crisis" would mean in human terms, I cannot agree. At all costs, the necessary funds must be raised.

* * *

The Shwe Dagon Pagoda, the tapering golden stupa which towers over Rangoon was described by Ralph Fitch, the first English visitor to Burma in 1583 as "the fairest place, I suppose, that is in the world." This is putting it rather high, for my way of thinking, but the Shwe Dagon catching the rising and setting sun is one of those unforgettable sights that I most hope to see again before my travelling days finish. I learn with some surprise that it has undergone a change this year. Last week, U Nu actually pressed the button of an electric lift which is to take old people and monks—some Burmese papers say others can use it for a fee—from the ground level to the high platform which contains innumerable shrines of the Buddha and the lesser figures in the Buddhist hierarchy. It is a fascinating conglomeration of statues erected by many pious hands. On foot the visitor reaches this platform after a long climb from one of the four entrances; he passes through a fantastic avenue of stalls where he can buy holy objects, pictures, flowers, marionettes, brass bells and even a Burmese harp. On the way up one may give to beggars, chat with citizens and avoid dogs. At the last stage before the platform, there are the little houses of the monks. I am glad to hear that these long, covered approaches have been cleaned up for I have never seen the connection between dirt and sanctity. But a lift? I don't really see why not—except that the walk up to the shrines has always seemed to me a very important part of the Shwe Dagon, the part that has protected its character from western tourists who will certainly want to "do" the Shwe Dagon in the slickest fashion.

* * *

The printer was too smart for me last week. I wrote about an excellent quarterly called *Africa South*. He conscientiously changed it to *South Africa*. Unfortunately, that is the name of another paper of a very different political complexion; Alan Paton's courageous article appeared in *Africa South*.

* * *

A friend reports that, having secured a seat for *The Trojans* later in the week, she tuned in conscientiously to the programme on the Third about the creation of the opera. Sir John Gielgud read passages from Berlioz's letters; there were recordings of the musical high spots. My friend was listening enthralled to the storm scene, when a tongue of blue flame shot out of the radiogram, across her body, and out at the open window: a second later, and *not* from the radiogram, came a single almighty crash of thunder. Clumsy Life, as Henry James would say, taking a tip from art? Two day later at Covent Garden my friend was ready for anything as the opera moved to its climax in the Carthaginian forest. The thunder machine worked steadily away backstage, a papier-maché tree crashed, yellow lightning played on the backcloth. But no single clap of thunder to freeze the blood; no tongues of fire stabbing Aeneas's helmet; no blue flames flickering on Dido's breast! For once, perhaps, a point up to Clumsy Life.

* * *

The classic comment on wiretapping was made by that deaf, but pugnacious American journalist, I. F. Stone. "Things have got so bad in Washington," he said, "that even my hearing-aid is tapped."

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Congratulations to the someone who had a brainwave at the BBC in giving us the ball-by-ball commentaries of the Test Match on the Third Programme wavelengths. Never before, I am sure, has the Third had so many listeners! I do hope this excellent service will be kept up as nothing is more infuriating than an interruption at critical moments by recitals, orchestral concerts, children's programmes, and so on.—Letter in *Radio Times*. (B. S. Wiggins.)

Teachers could have leave of absence with salary for the wedding day, Mr. Edwards told the Education Executive in Cardiff yesterday.

But not for the honeymoon as well—"except when it is justified."—Report in *Western Mail*. (T. Davies.)

Chesham Bois Parish Council decided on Tuesday not to try to tidy up the local common—because if only part were cleared it would make the rest look worse.—*Buckinghamshire Advertiser*. (William Millard.)

Ancestral Voices

Time, Gentlemen, please. This saloon
Is about to close down for the night.
We must ask you to hurry, for soon
We intend to extinguish the light.
The barrels are drained to the dregs,
The bottles are down to the lees,
You've swigged the carafes and the last of the kegs:

Time, Gentlemen—Gentlemen, *please*!

They are closing that place in the Fleet
Where they peddle the hooch to the mugs
And the pubs down in Muscovy Street,
Frequented by gangsters and thugs,
That 'phone-tapping joint in Whitehall,
Surrounded by Family Trees,
The Uno, the Nato, the Blotto and all—

Closing time, *Gentlemen*, please.

With no one to fill up your cup
And no one to fill up your can
It's pointless to purchase a pup
Or even the Arundel Plan.
They are closing that Washington dump
Where a belch gives the markets a breeze—
But whether they jitter on Wall Street or jump

They are closing—*Time, Gentlemen, please*!

Too often the dive has been sued—
The deadline of reckoning comes;
The licence will not be renewed
When Nemesis puts in the Bums.
The writ has been issued—the score
Has long mounted up, by degrees:
Time was and Time is, but never no more

Time *will* be—TIME, Gentlemen, please!

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Making Free With Authors

We call ourselves a rich nation, and we are filthy and foolish enough to thumb each other's books out of circulating libraries.

Not many of us would say this today (it was Ruskin, writing *Of Kings' Treasuries*). The contents of the public libraries, being no longer made up of bulk donations from gentlemen's overgrown and musty private collections, do not nowadays rot to pieces before renewal. The libraries buy most of their books new from the publishers: the commercial, "subscription" libraries at 33⅓ per cent. discount, and the public "free" ones at 10 per cent. But for this development, the majority of ordinary novels today would never go to the printers. But we are still rather open to Ruskin's further reproach:

> What do we, as a nation, care about books? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, compared with what we spend on our horses?

For horses read authors and you are abreast of the times. You have restated a controversy that has been going on for many years and that is going to crop up now with some regularity, the occasion for it being the annual statement by one or other of the Scandinavian countries that its authors have just been collectively awarded a certain sum of money in respect of the use of their books by the public libraries. Last week the Swedish Authors' Union announced that its members were to receive £49,830 in payment for the loan of their books to readers in 1956. "In Sweden," added the Reuter report, "authors receive royalties not only on the sale of their books but also from libraries for each occasion on which they are borrowed."

In this country there is still some bewilderment, which I shared until lately, about the fate of Mr. John Brophy's scheme for a penny-a-book levy on borrowings at public libraries. In an open letter to *The Author* in 1951 he called attention to "the shocking anomaly that the book trade, which supports printers, binders, publishers, booksellers and librarians, does not support more than a small minority of authors." And estimating that there were 5,000 public library branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, he showed that a writer with four books stocked in each of them, all being borrowed on average ten times a year, could get an annual £833 6s. 8d. at the rate of a penny a time from borrowers. Mr. Brophy then knocked off 20 per cent. for the cost of administering the scheme and left the author with £666 13s. 4d. a year. It seemed as if a yawning gap had at last been filled.

Then the librarians moved in. To begin with, they said, there was always a false assumption that the loan of a book from the library adversely affected its sales. Booksellers who were running library services declared that a book in demand on loan attains wider publicity, leading to increased buying on the recommendation of the very people who have been borrowing it. Why should this penny tax be levied on books borrowed from libraries any more than on books borrowed over the garden wall? The books in the libraries belong anyway to the ratepayers, who (even if they did no reading themselves) often paid as much as fivepence or sixpence for every book borrowed. Moreover, the municipal and public libraries (at least) consider themselves to have a cultural role: every loan of a book is not a direct substitute for a purchase. The only justification for any departure from the "free" library principle of the 1850s would be that it might in some way raise literary standards, and this would certainly not be done by a scheme which gives a penny per book loaned to every kind of author.

What about the extra work? Librarians asked that, too. Long study had been given to library issue methods, all to the purpose that books might be dealt with at maximum speed. Every day's issue must be sorted numerically between 8 p.m. that day (normal closing time) and ten o'clock next morning when the library opens to the public. To be ready to record a penny debt in respect of each book to the day's authors, each library would need a complete typewritten record of all books issued during the day, which might involve 10,000 entries. This would mean 40 or 50 extra man-hours *nightly*, spread over perhaps 20 different branches, and you couldn't get typists to work at night. . . .

It was at this point that the librarians were seen to be overreaching themselves. (They could easily have said at the outset that public libraries would be breaking the law if they made a charge to borrowers, but they may have been silenced by the probability that they already break the law every time they impose a fine for keeping a book too long.) A brisk argument ensued in the literary and trade papers, with some authors—the richer ones—actually supporting the librarians. The penny-a-book scheme, said the richer ones, with the objective nobility that they were happily able to afford, would benefit most those who needed it least. And so it should, retorted the poorer ones, ethically outshining them: good writing often does it too. There emerged a fairly clear agreement, to which the librarians would probably have been disposed to subscribe from the first, that an author has indeed a right to some kind of income from the libraries, but that it ought to be based, not on the number of times his books are borrowed but on the number of his books stocked by the library during the year.

This was getting near to the system that has been operating in Denmark since 1943 and has to some extent been copied by Norway and Sweden. Members of Danish book clubs and booksellers' libraries, on the one hand, pay a small fee for the benefit of authors; borrowings from public libraries, on the other hand, are covered in this respect by a government grant. To benefit from this scheme, an author has to make a special application, through the Authors' Fund. I have heard that there are many who do not trouble to apply for the money; and since they would certainly apply if it were big enough, I conclude that it must as a rule be very small. It is available in respect of original fiction and *creative* non-fiction. Translations, adaptations, and collaborations are excluded. And to be eligible an author must have 50 books (*not* titles) in the book clubs or public libraries.

An interesting sidelight on the scheme, I am told, is that the Danish libraries carry only a small amount of fiction, and most of that is non-Danish in origin. So the non-fiction writers get most of what money there is; a consideration that one should set beside the fact that fiction "borrowings" amount to more than 85 per cent. of all the transactions at British library counters. It is beyond doubt that the lofty social purpose of the original "free" libraries was the provision of "improving books" for the poor, and that fiction played a pretty small part in the scheme until people like Mr. Mudie came along. Thereafter, the subscription libraries soon had large stocks of novels, somewhat tattered by six months' circulation, to dispose of cheaply; and the public libraries, now enriched by a penny rate, began to buy what the people obviously wanted, not so much because it was good for them as because the first great impulse of "donating" to the free librarie. had lapsed and Mr. Mudie's cast-offs were cheap. But the libraries were still not concerned about the author.

Today the public libraries, starved of funds, are living on a hope engendered in 1943, when the Ministry of Education promised to act "in due course" upon a report produced by Mr. Lionel McColvin, the Westminster City librarian, who was honorary secretary of the Library Association. This recommended that the basis of a proposed "authors' fund" be the number of copies of a book bought *or held* by the libraries, and that it should provide help for authors too old to write or otherwise in need, and for writers working on research projects or other work (such as poetry) which is "uneconomic."

I still find it easy to slip back into a belief, based on the weight of artillery brought out against it, that the Brophy "penny-a-book" plan must have been a dangerously good idea; in this country we waste so little of our time and newsspace on the scotching of ideas that are manifestly daft—and there *were* librarians in favour of it. But the better solution, beyond doubt, because it is free from risks, lies in a more practical government interest in books and authors, going much further than the occasional Civil List pension of £150, and manifested, perhaps, through the Arts Council, which has hitherto functioned as though the writer of books did not exist.

C. H. ROLPH

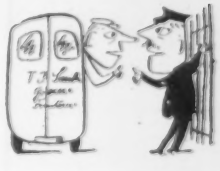
the things they say!

Glad I don't work for a big outfit!

Oh! Why not?

Well, you never see the boss, let alone get the chance of talking to him. Fact is, in a big factory like this you must be just a number without a name.

Bit out-of-date aren't you? In these I.C.I. factories there's plenty of chances for a man to make himself heard. He can see his foreman or manager at *any* time, and he can call on his shop steward or his works councillor if he wants help to put his case. Through them he can make his views heard right at the top.



Maybe, but there can't be much of a matey spirit—I.C.I.'s just too big for that.

Don't you believe it! I.C.I. provides playing fields, recreation rooms and clubs where all the chaps can get together. You should get yourself invited to an I.C.I. club some night—you'd see what I mean!

Maybe I will. But don't tell me that when I.C.I. provides all this it isn't guided by self-interest.

Of course it is. The Company wants to see the team spirit in all its works, for it knows that a happy team produces the best results.

ICI

Summer Work

ANY farm needs more labour in the summer. It doesn't matter how mechanised it is—unhappily the silly old machines don't work by themselves. It might be easier on a single crop farm, or it may be possible to shift crops and methods so that things are easier. But on our local type of traditional mixed farm, machinery makes work quicker and lighter, but doesn't end it. If we grow turnips, kale or carrots, all very useful crops, they have to be singled. A scarifier makes this much easier, but the gapper, doing one row at a time very slowly, has not proved itself worth while.

In the old days there were always the tinkers for the thinning, but the two main tinker families have now left. One of them is working in Corby, at the steel works. The sons have all done their army service, and the combined family income must be around £30 or £40 a week. I wonder what Bridget does with it. She used to keep the neatest possible tent on wattle hoops, where I helped her to bath her bead-hung babies. But I suppose she has dropped into the pattern of another income group. I only hope she has enlarged her cookery ideas. But probably she just gets lots and lots of tins.

However, there is spare labour this year for the thinning. We are in a bad way at Carradale. This used to be one of the most prosperous fishing villages of the west coast. It is so no longer. We have had a series of bad seasons, with no local herring. It is not the first time in history this has happened, but, earlier on, we managed to scrape through. This time the skipper-owned boats, which do not have to pay insurance, have just managed; but most of these are old and battered—will they be replaced even when we get our new harbour? Or are we merely one of the doomed fringes in the modern pattern of occupation, which gathers the old family units of production into bigger and more efficient and more highly capitalised centres, taking both the risk and the profit away from the individual and putting them into the hands of big companies or the state?

We aren't mad on the state here, having had a very poor deal from the Herring Industry Board, which started by financing a number of grant and loan boats on the Clyde and then, when they had got far in arrears with their payments, foreclosed on them. The fishermen, like the tinkers, have to go to Corby, leaving their hills and their sea, probably for ever. It is not as far as Nova Scotia was last century in an earlier clearance. Presumably it is not a forced movement of population, but merely a bit of economics. Still, we who are in the middle of it feel rather bitterly about the Herring Industry Board. They, being the principal creditors, scooped most of what could be got out of the forced sales. Local creditors, small businesses who can ill afford the loss and who went on giving the boats credit so that they could at least go out and fish, are left with debts which will never be paid. The boat in which I had a third share sold for a better price; we had kept her up. We paid the Board and our creditors and are left with nothing—only the pain it is when the other boats are out and not our own. A beauty gone from our lives: a nagging remembrance of the last interview with the then Secretary of the Board. Probably it was quite good for me being treated as the under-dogs have been treated throughout history; all the same it was rather a shock. When it was over I sat down and cried on the granite steps of the Board's Edinburgh Office. But it was not good for the fishermen; they do not have the *hubris* that needs that kind of punishment.

So my turnips have been thinned by fishermen and one or two forestry workers in the evenings. They got through three acres at a good pace and cheerfully. This has cost just over £19, which compares well with other years. But the poor little turnips are sagging for want of rain. That isn't the only job that takes several people. This year I had over 50 hoggs bought in as lambs in autumn at the sales. Fifty sheep is a handful, and I had a septic thumb, so I couldn't help. Not that I would have been a good shearer; it is nearly ten years since I last did any shearing. That was the year I had tried running a small ewe flock and had a handsome and arrogant Border-Leicester ram called Philip, who used to follow me into the house demanding pieces of bread. I duly sheared Philip but, when I turned him loose white and clean, he stamped and shouted at me in fury at the indignity and wouldn't come near me again for days.

However, the shearing went very well; two of the neighbours from up the glen, Rory from Auchanfraoch and Johnnie, Dunkie's brother from Kilmichael, came over, each with his own bench, shears and hone. Lachlan had already started, and a few of the sheep were capering about, very white after their grey and sordid months. Eddie hauled them over, protesting, to the benches and the three shearers got going, each with his own technique—though one always starts by opening the fleece down the front. What struck me was how different the fleeces are since the days of the modern dips. When I sheared, the fleeces were crawling with ticks and keds; now there wasn't one to be seen. We scarcely ever get a sheep fly struck nowadays, though ten years back it was a constant summer nightmare, gripping a wretched sheep between one's knees, cleaning out the maggots and rubbing in the dressing.

Rory was the quickest, taking less than five minutes over each sheep, but he has been doing it most of his life. These hoggs were worse to do than his own, as they like to burrow into the sand dunes when they are hot, and the fleeces get full of sand and take the edge off the shears. Each sheep, released, bounces and leaps in the twisty sheep fashion over the bracken. "They'll be feeling the midges now!" says Rory.

As they come up on to the benches, we look for the marks, the brand on the horn and the nick on the ear which shows where they came from. Johnnie smiles quietly, when we see one of the Kilmichael lambs looking as well by now as the ones that ran up to a high price at the Lochgilphead auction. His brother always puts in a wee black one specially for me! Rory advises us to grade the crosses separately. "You'll be surprised!" he says. I made the mistake of trying some of them for the Christmas market, but I was competing with specially fattened beasts and got bad prices. Rory says we should try a load for the Monday grading in July.

At the end everyone comes up to the house and the beer that has waited in the fridge goes rolling down. It is all a neighbourly way of doing. Lachlan was up the glen the day before; none of us will see the rest stuck if it's a matter of lending a hand. It seems lighter, some way, to do a thing for someone else. One can take one's time and yet, for all that, one is showing off. Work is no longer just the thing which is paid by the hour, but something on its own: a social value.

NAOMI MITCHISON

Fleet Street Notebook

ON Wednesday afternoon the T.U.C. announced that it had "approved in principle" the grant of a licence to Odhams Press to print and publish the *Daily Herald*. The conditions have not yet been agreed: there are to be further negotiations after the T.U.C. has talked the matter over with the Labour Party. But the die is already cast. The T.U.C. has "in principle" released the *Herald* from its official Labour status. Odhams, now the publishers, will thereby enjoy effective editorial and managerial control.

The question is what happens next. Politically the *Herald* will now become independent, although with the strongest promises from Odhams, whose sincerity in this matter there is no reason to doubt, that it will remain a paper of the left giving general support to the Labour Party and maintaining a strongly sympathetic attitude to the trade union movement. Financially the way will be clear for the Daily Herald, Ltd., to become a wholly owned subsidiary of Odhams. This is important. It means that such future losses as the paper makes will become eligible to be set off for income tax purposes against the profits made by Odhams in other publishing fields.

But although this will be a very welcome relief there is no long-term future in running a daily paper as an item in an income tax return. If it is to survive permanently, the paper has somehow or other to be put on a profit-making basis. And although release from what has come to be regarded as the T.U.C. bond may give Odhams a fine sense of freedom at first, it will not in itself bring about a commercial miracle. No one is going to rush to buy the paper simply because the T.U.C. has ceased to hold 49 per cent. of its ordinary shares. On the contrary, some readers who have stuck to it out of loyalty, despite all temptations to buy something more attractive, may well now feel themselves under no further obligation to do so. Unless the release from official inhibition finds—and finds fairly quickly—expression in a journalistic skill capable of attracting many more than the present 1,600,000-odd readers, it will have no permanent result on the fortunes of the paper either in terms of its balance sheet or its public influence.

It is here that the question of a merger with the *News Chronicle* moves into the forefront again. The *News Chronicle* trustees are still, I understand, as anxious as ever to explore the possibility of creating a new progressive paper out of a marriage with the *Herald*. They would be very willing to see the promises made by Odhams to the T.U.C. safeguarded, along with the *News Chronicle's* own progressive traditions, in a trust deed or in any other way considered desirable. Indeed they are probably if anything more anxious. Their losses do not, any more than those of the *Herald*, grow any less; and they, like the *Herald*, are now bang up against the further problem of the seasonal decline in sales and advertising which affects all newspapers as the holiday period begins. Nor have they any possibility of extracting a contribution from the Inland Revenue by offsetting losses against other profits. The *Star*, unlike *Woman*, is in no position to sustain the role of fairy godmother.

While by no means adverse in principle to an exploitation of the possibilities of such a marriage—and indeed they have already devoted a fair amount of time to considering what both

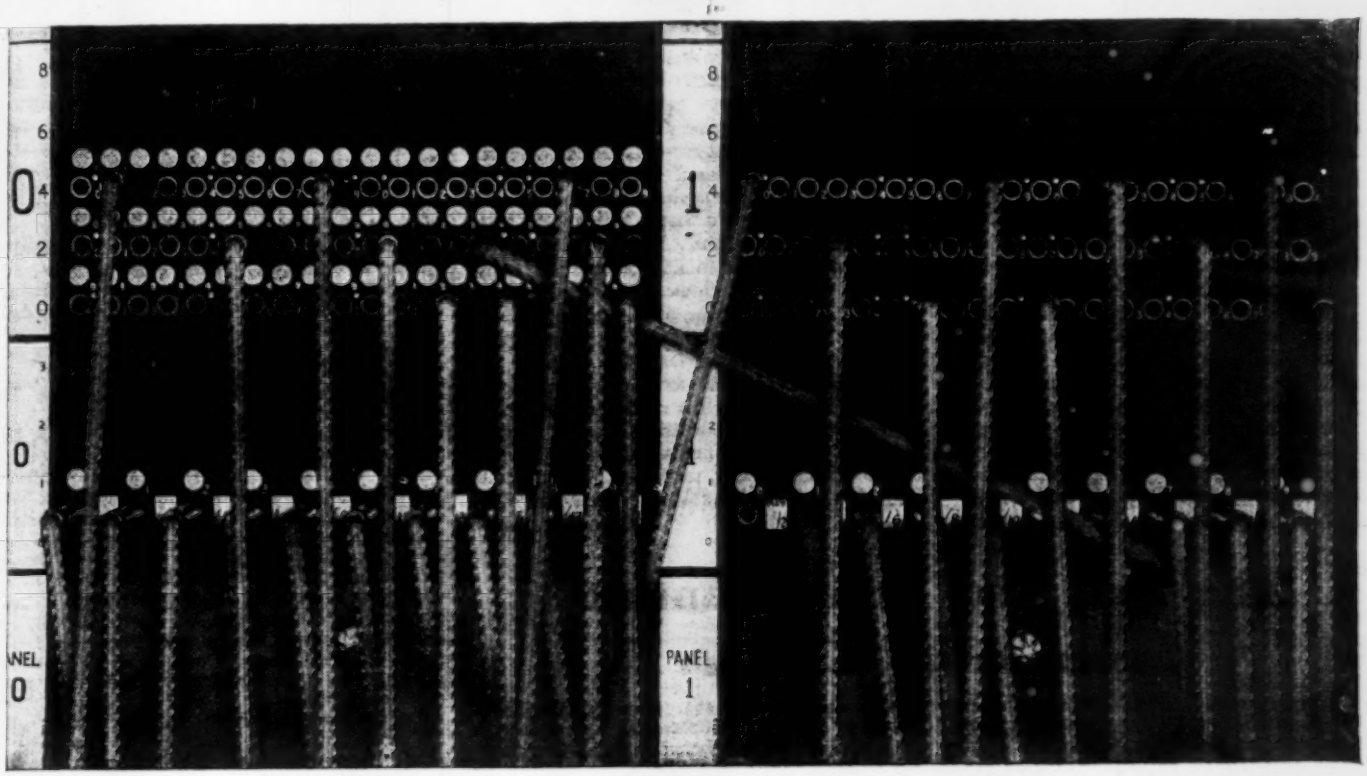
"Yes, delivery Friday week—
I'll handle it myself"

"No thanks, Bill—we're
tackling this one ourselves"

"Mr. Johnson's in New Zealand—
can I help you?"

"Certainly—we'll get
you a test done at Aylesford"

"3.30 then—we'll both
get together with Williams"



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partners might and might not be able to bring to it and get out of it—Odhams' directors have taken the view that a settlement of the T.U.C. issue must take precedence—if only because it meant the possibility of some immediate financial relief. They did not want to complicate their discussions with the T.U.C. by the introduction of a third party. An early and more detailed examination of the possibilities is now expected: an immediate attempt made to see whether what has much to commend it to both sides in principle could, in fact, be translated into effective newspaper practice. The fact that so much publicity has already been given to the possibility of a merger has, of course, its disadvantages. From a publisher's point of view, the best newspaper mergers are those that can be kept secret from rivals until after the first editions are off the press. But in this instance it has, in fact, been recognised from the first that if there is to be a merger it is, in the words to me of one of those most intimately concerned, "necessary for quite a lot of people to get accustomed to the idea first." This is so because what has been envisaged in the approaches so far is not the simple taking over of one paper by another, but a genuine partnership having as its objective the production of what would be in some ways a quite new paper capable of appealing to the whole of the still potentially large public for a progressive paper of the left at once sophisticated, intelligent and entertaining.

That such a public exists I do not personally doubt. But it is probably big enough to sustain only one paper, not two, at the circulation level now required by the current economy of the newspaper industry. Newspaper readers do not, of course, buy papers—especially popular papers—only, or perhaps even primarily, for political reasons. But all the evidence indicates that, other things being equal, they prefer a paper that looks at life, including public affairs, from approximately the same point of view as they do themselves. Indeed it is a remarkable fact that the left-right electoral division of the country into two almost equal parts is almost identically repeated in newspaper circulation. The combined circulation of the *Mirror*, *Herald*, *News Chronicle* and *Manchester Guardian* is the same to within a few hundred thousands as that of the *Express*, *Mail*, *Telegraph*, *Sketch*—and *The Times*. The problem is that so large a percentage of this circulation of the left is now taken up by the *Mirror*, that the middle ground that exists between the tabloid public at one end and the serious *Guardian* public at the other is really only big enough to sustain one viable popular text-paper. So long as the *Herald* and *News Chronicle* seek to divide this public between them, neither has much hope of success on the terms current conditions require. Despite the initial difficulty of finding a common formula, which is considerable, they might well together provide a combination able to withstand anything.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

Lament for the St. James's

So barbarism wins another triumph. Not a great triumph, it is true, but quite a substantial little one, all the same. The St. James's Theatre is not an architectural gem of the first order: it hasn't even been, in its one hundred and twenty odd, chequered years a "temple of art"; only a place of civilised and civilising entertainment, where Henry James was booed and Mrs. "Pat" triumphed, and the name of Oscar Wilde was erased from the hoardings by Sir George Alexander. Mr. I. J. Hayward and his fellow-killers on the L.C.C. planning committee can congratulate themselves on only a minor victory over the decencies.

Yet I, for one, should not care to be Mr. I. J. Hayward nor any other member of the committee who decided that there was "no reasonable course open" but to agree to the demolition of this charming and unique little theatre whose surface has been lovingly rubbed by many fine and able craftsmen, and bears the patina of their achievements. It is not a pleasant thing to have a murder on your conscience, as they have; I wish I could think it would haunt them, one and all. I hope the histories of the theatre in the future will not forget to record, for as long as records run, the names of the assassins. And let them in justice record, too, that they "regretted the loss of the theatre to London" while "seeing no other reasonable course open." Let the insult of their crocodile tears not be forgotten either.

Murder for money. It's as simple as that. It is said that a London property investment firm can extract about ten times as much money from the site as did the owners of the theatre. £10,000 is ten times better than £1,000 any day, any way, and what does Business care if something irreplaceable is lost in the process of making it? But the LCC should. And all last night, after I had read Mr. Hayward's statement, I was wondering what sort of men these could be, to whom it seems "reasonable" to put their heels on a small fragment of social history and tradition, and squelch it out for ever. I wanted to picture them as men worth hating, monsters of self-ishness, indifferent to every decency. But I suppose they are nothing of the sort. Agreeable men, no doubt, kind fathers, and responsible citizens, with a good record of public service, anxious for the ratepayers' pockets. Not monsters at all, just ordinary muddled English vandals betraying their heritage one bright summer's afternoon.

T. C. WORSLEY

Garden Thoughts

Covent Garden is having a June of *splendeurs et misères*. The splendour derives from the deservedly successful revival of *The Trojans*, whose great musical merits could be appreciated by all during last week's broadcast; the misery from the various disappointments attendant on the special Italian performances of *Il Trovatore*. At one performance the tenor, Kurt Baum, felt unable to sing, and was replaced at short notice by James Johnston; next time it was Zinka Milanov who fell out at still shorter notice, to be replaced by Victoria Elliott. Both the English singers sang in English; on the latter occasion, I gather, the management were prepared to exchange tickets or even to refund money: a point in their favour that seems to have been overlooked by their more severe critics. Not only bad luck, it is alleged, but bad planning caused these disasters.

That is a harsh and unrealistic view. The contention that, even for a few special performances in a foreign langage, the management is under an obligation to provide an understudy for every major role is a counsel of perfection. Anyone with a wide experience of opera-going abroad knows how often, even in the most famous houses, a performance has to be abandoned—with or without the substitution of a different opera—owing to the last-minute defection of some leading singer. These contretemps are regrettable, but inevitable; to imagine that they can be wholly avoided is a pipe-dream. Mr. Webster was justified in pointing out that Covent Garden had an exceptional record of fidelity to announced plans; he might have added that in many of the leading Italian theatres it is impossible to discover what is to be performed a bare week ahead. On the charge of incompetence, Covent Garden can be honourably acquitted.

There is, however, a further question not so easily disposed of. Was the casting of this *Trovatore* good enough, in the first place, to justify the substantially increased prices that were asked? More generally, has the present régime at Covent Garden a good ear for singers, and is it sufficiently alert to discover and secure fresh vocal talent at an early stage, before the whole world is competing for the new singer's services? On the female side, *Il Trovatore* was irreproachably cast. Zinka Milanov, though no longer young and for that reason now somewhat unpredictable, still ranks, along with Mmes Tebaldi and Callas, in the front line of Italian dramatic sopranos; having waited so long to see her in opera at all, we were all anxious to witness her Leonora, already familiar and justly admired from gramophone records. Fedora Barbieri is not the most subtle of singers, but there is no doubt of her status as a leading Verdian mezzo of our day. But was mine the only heart which quailed on learning that the cast was to be completed by the Manrico of Kurt Baum and the Di Luna of Jess Walters? Mr. Baum is not unknown here (he sang a Covent Garden Radames some years ago), and he is a regular second-line tenor at the Metropolitan, where I have heard him in *Il Trovatore* with Mme Milanov. He is the generally reliable and efficient type of tenor whom managers find indispensable; but his hard, unlyrical timbre gave me very little sensuous pleasure on either occasion. Mr. Walters, of course, we know well; I get the impression that he sings more often, year in and year out, than any other leading singer at Covent Garden. He too is a thoroughly reliable performer, with a wide range of parts: again, the kind of artist who tends to be more popular with a hard-pressed manager than with the listener who wants to hear good singing. He has some fine achievements, notably Wozzeck, to his credit, but I feel bound to add that what I have recently heard from him has hardly seemed of a standard acceptable in a first-class house. As Coroebus, for instance, particularly on the night when *The Trojans* was broadcast, his voice sounded rough and throaty, and his sense of pitch was uncertain. Perhaps he has been singing too much; certainly, in his present form, he is not what I expect to hear in a gala performance.

There is no difficulty, it has been said, about casting *Il Trovatore*: all you need is the four best singers in the world. The more sensible members of the Covent Garden public realise, no doubt, that we simply can't afford to engage, say, Milanov, Simionato, Björling and Bastianini; what disturbs them is an impression that the management is not always brisk enough where fresh talent is concerned. The season that has just ended at the Stoll, with stalls at half the price charged for the gala performances at Covent Garden, offered Italian performances much better sung than any we have heard for years, and disclosed the existence of some delightful young singers (notably Renata Scotto and the baritone, Ezio Achilli) who are still internationally unknown. Might not Covent Garden have discovered some of these for itself? Has it discovered them even now? And why—to pass from guests to the regular company—does it retain singers, more especially in the baritone and bass departments, who go on season after season excruciating us with shapeless phrases and ill-focused tone?

If this were all, the case against Covent Garden, vocally, would be as black as it is sometimes painted. But the selection of singers seems to be made by a Jekyll-and-Hyde personality. While Mr. Hyde is busy with his woolly baritones and wobbly basses, Dr. Jekyll has been to Canada and brought us back, miraculously, not one but two admirable tenors. The Don José and the Aeneas of Jon Vickers show that he is that rare thing, a genuine heroic tenor; and the public has been

quick to show its pleasure in his acquisition. Richard Verreau was put on as the Duke of Mantua before he was ripe for the part; but his delivery of the stanzas of Iopas, in *The Trojans*, especially his portamento upward octave to the high C at the broadcast performance, was startling in its purity and clarity of tone. Meanwhile Dermot Troy has taken a huge step forward with his delightful singing of the song of Hylas. How often, at Covent Garden or anywhere else, are three really good tenors to be heard in the course of a single evening?

All in all, *The Trojans* is the most encouraging event that has happened at Covent Garden for a long time; together with *Jenufa* and *The Ring*, it has immensely raised the prestige of Mr. Kubelik and his whole staff. But, in our gratitude for what has been achieved on behalf of Berlioz, Janacek and Wagner, we must not forget how much still needs to be done on behalf of Verdi.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The York Festival

THE crenellated walls of York, so perfectly preserved that they seem like pieces of stage scenery, are an immediate invitation to the Middle Ages, and in fact no English city is so seriously and unselfconsciously medieval as this one. Even in Festival time, though the flowers and the fresh paint stand out brightly against the grey background, York goes quietly about its business. There are, of course, more tourists than usual and they crowd the cathedral which is in itself the *Te Deum* in stone. And the medieval note is rightly struck in the Festival programme. The Musée de Dijon—for York and Dijon are municipal cousins—has lent some of its smaller sculptures for an exhibition at the City Art Gallery. These have a grave, solid beauty, rather more Flemish than French, and they take one a long way from the hieratic carvings of Chartres and Souillac, and the fluent gracefulness of the Ile de France. Direct and very moving, they set the tone for the Mystery Plays.

But the medieval note is not struck exclusively. Quite apart from a varied programme of music, which is not my concern, there is a vivid little exhibition of Yorkshire arts and crafts arranged by the Women's Institutes at St. William's College. And in the Theatre Royal Mr. John Fernald has presented his imaginative production of Brecht's *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. This was widely noticed when it was first given at the RADA, and Mr. Fernald has now a new cast of students. Mr. Gerald James, with a considerable advantage of years and experience over his colleagues, plays Adzas with remarkable aplomb, and he brilliantly sustained the dialectic of the second part. Miss Patricia Jackson, as Grusha, could also hardly be bettered. This is a carefully unsentimental performance, springing like fresh water deep from the dramatist's idea. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* is essentially a fairy tale, told in the accents and idiom of the Berliner Ensemble, and it showed a most interesting affinity with the Mysteries. Cynical, tender and occasionally gross, it is concerned with the same primary themes of good and evil—with capricious justice, injured innocence, and brutal and licentious soldiery; and it resolves the antinomies of man's existence with the same fundamental optimism. It was a happy, and perhaps an accidental, thought to have presented these plays in contrast.

The medieval drama, which is York's proper speciality, begins at 6 p.m., when you see a gaily painted "Pageant" cart, preceded by a Herald on horseback, moving up towards the West doors of the Minster. It is followed by a number of actors in medieval costume and Jehovah royally apparelled. The horse is removed from the shafts; the Herald cries aloud the ancient regulations governing the performance of Mystery Plays in the City; and Pharaoh, mounting his stage from behind, starts to rave against the Jews. The theme is the Exodus, and presently Moses will be turning his staff into a serpent which writhes, although it cannot hiss. A succession of Messengers—rather like the heralds of catastrophe in *Richard III* or *Macbeth*—announce the plagues of Egypt, and Pharaoh agrees to let Moses' people go. Up to this point the play is hardly up to the level of its companions in the York Cycle, but the passage of Israel across the Red Sea and the subsequent drowning of the Egyptians is most charmingly contrived. The little show, which is played by the masters and boys of a local school, moves on through the streets to its next performance in another part of the city.

So far, so quaint; but anyone who goes to the Mystery Plays in the Museum Gardens expecting the pleasures of quaintness will be disappointed. Once again, Mr. Martin Browne, who has produced them, and Dr. Purvis, who has translated them into modern English, have demonstrated their power over an audience to whom much of their eschatology may be repugnant. They are simple in the way that Brecht is simple, and popular in the way that he is popular, for they tell a story which matters to everyone in a way that everyone can understand. It is, of course, a much better story and its telling is contrived with extraordinary art. The interested spectator will do well to possess himself of Canon Purvis's version of the whole Cycle (*S.P.C.K.*, 25*s.*). This describes the genesis of the plays, and justifies the method of their transposition; and Mr. Browne's production justifies it still further. We know that we are assisting at the workings of the medieval mind—Annas and Caiaphas appear like two prelates of the Holy Office on parade—and yet this mind seems less remote from us than we had supposed; less remote in many ways than the mind of the Renaissance. The language is more direct and

Why men emigrate

Jane, aged 21, a native of Pinner, has ideas on why men leave home:—

"If the works are not kept bright inside and out, men worth their salt soon begin to move to a better and more cheerful job. Can you wonder? I think lots of folk emigrate because they have had enough of drab, neglected, unpainted factories and homes, places that should be decorated outside and inside every two or three years. Who wants to live or work near bricks and mortar that are nobody's love?"

Have you looked at your own building recently? Are you proud of its appearance? Why don't you ring Byron 5555 and have a word with Abbott of Harrow, the Painters and Decorators, Sherbourne House, Northolt Road, Harrow, Middlesex. They are painting some of the largest factories in England and have just completed the spectacular new London Airport. Their specialists have been busy at Royal Ascot. Other skilled craftsmen are decorating the extension at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, to an elegant colour scheme.

ABBOTT OF HARROW keep Britain Beautiful

the mythology, though its power to move us has been eroded by four centuries of doubt, is still our own. It proves, once more, its appeal to the most primitive or the most profound intelligence.

It was not possible to include more than a section of the Cycle within the scope of a single evening. Even so, the performance lasts for three and a half hours, and Mr. Browne is being urged to cut. In my opinion, such counsels are mistaken. If a man cannot listen for three and a half hours to the story of his Redemption, he had better not come to the Mysteries at all. Compared to the marathon of Oberammergau, York is a light ordeal. You sit through the declining daylight in front of the ruined arches and grey-green walls of St. Mary's Abbey, and it is already dark by the time the torches of the Temple Guard are flickering across towards the Garden of Olives, or the banners emblematic of Church and State are moving up the Via Dolorosa to hide the nailing to the Cross. Floodlights pour their illumination on to Calvary; pick out the Father gloriously enthroned; strike a gleam from St. Michael's separating sword; and appropriately change their colour when Lucifer and his devils carry off the damned. This apocalypse, as Mr. Browne and Miss Geraldine Stephenson have devised it, is worthy of Hieronymus Bosch. Many things have been left out, and a tighter play might have been produced by concentrating on the sequence of the Passion. But the purpose of the Cycle was to illustrate a scheme as well as to tell a story, and this purpose has been steadily borne in mind. Theology and theatre have never been more memorably allied.

Mr. Browne's production, like Reinhardt's *Jedermann*, is likely to take rank among the classics of the modern stage. Visually, it is continually taking your breath away. The fall and transformation of Lucifer, when Hell seems to be created in an instant; the creation of Adam and Eve, when the nearly naked bodies slowly rise from the soil of the earthly Paradise; the apparition of Lazarus from the rock, with the bandages of his shroud falling about him as he comes back into the world; the Cross with the groaning Body, lifted high against the broken stone; and the "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthanni" echoing with an appalling clarity through the night—all this was unforgettable. Vocally, too, the performance gives a deep satisfaction. The strong alliterations and short rhythms sustain the story, and the characterisation is always vivid. Mr. Bryan Spink, as Christ, is under the handicap of following a more experienced actor, whose performance, by all accounts, was a remarkable one. Mr. Spink's playing is careful and sincere, and throughout the Passion he maintains a perfect equipoise of dignity and tension. The "Ecce Homo" is brought before us with a Gothic sharpness, and the performance took its natural place in a *pietà* movingly composed. Mr. Robert Rietty's Lucifer had a splendid agility of mind and body; Miss Judi Dench's Mary had the right balance of strength and sweetness; Mr. Norman Tyrrell charmed us with a racy portrait of St. Joseph; and Mr. John Westbrook, superb in presence, spoke magnificently for St. Michael and the Lord Mayor.

ROBERT SPEAIGHT

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Post-Picasso Paris

THE "Post-Picasso Paris" anthology at the Hanover Gallery is dominated by some small bronzes by Giacometti as Post-Picasso Paris is dominated by Giacometti. There is only one reason for this—the authority they have. Certainly, Giacometti does not dominate because he is a leader of fashion: some of his mannerisms may have been mimicked, but he has not infused a whole generation, as Picasso or Pollock or Dubuffet has, with a new idea of art or a new method. Indeed, he might be said to dominate not because he is an exemplar but because he isn't—because his work is imbued deeply with the one quality most noticeably absent from art, especially Parisian art, today, which is seriousness. It is curious that the phrase "a serious artist" should be one of the current clichés of art criticism (in England if not elsewhere). This Arnoldesque expression is not to be found in the art-critical writings of a few decades ago: for all the puritanism of Roger Fry, it wasn't needed then, when seriousness was not a rare, exotic growth. At all events, Giacometti is "a serious artist"; indeed, he is one of those ultra-serious artists like Chardin and Pissarro and Cézanne the seriousness of whose effort to produce the work is part of that which moves us in the contemplation of the work itself. Giacometti is thereby exceptional today, and dominant.

The bronzes at the Hanover Gallery include four new works, a seated figure and three standing figures. The theme of the seated figure, the main theme of Giacometti's paintings, has not previously appeared in sculpture that he has finished and exhibited, and it is interesting to observe that his *Femme Assise* of 1956 has the same extremely attenuated proportions (so attenuated that the sculpture is like an armature encrusted with chemical salts) as those of his standing figures of a few years ago (such as the *Trois figures et une tête* of 1950 in this exhibition) whereas the standing figures of 1956 are more "normally" proportioned. It is evident that when Giacometti attempts the re-creation of the figure in a certain posture, he finds it necessary to work from the inside out, leaving volume aside at first and bringing it into being only after years of concenfration on something which for him is more essential—the posture itself, seen as a type of human action. It is also evident that the notorious attenuation is not a trick of style, a cultivated eccentricity, or a tribute to Etruscan art, but a means towards understanding. One is grateful to the Hanover Gallery for exhibiting the new seated figure together with the more "normally" proportioned recent standing figures, for the juxtaposition forestalls the satisfaction of those who, seeing only the standing figures, might have been reassured to find that Giacometti had given up being a freak and gone normal. We see that Giacometti still is a freak when he needs to be.

The new standing figures are somewhat reminiscent of certain early sculptures of Matisse, not only because of superficial resemblances but because both combine a certain formality of posture with a rough surface suggesting spontaneity, informality, and because they have the same kind of introvert sensuousness (the sensuousness typified by Rembrandt's *Bathsheba* and of which Rubens's sensuousness is the antithesis). But they are not at all the same in vision. The Matisse sculptures are perfectly compact, perfectly self contained, objects in a void, objects whose world begins and ends where their surface is; the Giacometti sculptures seem to carry an aura of atmosphere around them and to expand and contract in that atmosphere like a lung. The Matisse sculptures present a figure seen whole and entire *now*, in an instant of time, in any instant of time, meaning outside time; the Giacometti sculptures seem to present figures as they are perceived *while time passes*: they have a sort of inverted magnetism by which they persuade our eye not to become fixed on them but to wander over them and round them, building them in our consciousness as we go. I think this happens when we look at the sculptures because no detail of the figure—for all that the details are so much richer and rounder than they were—is put there as if this statement of it claimed to be absolutely true. The delicious curve of a shoulder is not something known with assurance, something it is possible to be dogmatic about, but is a mystery which must always elude the grasp and which can only be crushed in the attempt to grasp it firmly, finally. What is there can only be stated tentatively. And the greatness of Giacometti's art is that it is tentative and is not vague. What this art does is to convey precisely why our sensations of reality cannot be conveyed precisely. This will seem an admission of weakness only to those who, in the present state of human consciousness, believe that the representation of reality in art is, though difficult, a straightforward affaire open to all artists of good will

DAVID SYLVESTER

The Bogy of Fleet Street

I AM sure that Sir Ian Jacob is right in arguing, as he did on Monday, that broadcasting—on sound or on television—is not a "threat" to the press. When Savoy Hill first began to broadcast news-bulletins, there was a panic in Fleet Street. Some editors imagined that, because people had heard an impersonal voice telling them the news, they would no longer buy newspapers to read the news. These fears were liars. Circulations soared—and, in so far as broadcasting (not only of news) helped to widen people's interests, to attract their attention to happenings in the world outside their own parishes, it may have been responsible for some of the soaring. There must be far fewer households now than there were 40 years ago in which only local newspapers are taken. Moreover, people rarely remember accurately what they have heard: radio announcements of tax-changes in the Budget do not prevent listeners from rushing to check their own prospects in print.

But the eye is as fallible an organ as the ear—sometimes more so: if a flamboyant young woman comes up to you in Bond Street and says "*Bis dat qui cito dat*," or "Hullo, darling!", you are likely to be able, five minutes later, to report more accurately the words she used than the number of rings or bracelets she wore. Therefore, television need not supplant the newspaper any more than sound-radio has: true, the Chancellor's Budget broadcast is now visual, and

may be illustrated by statistical charts—but who can remember such illustrations by heart, without a printed table to refer to?

Moreover, people like reading about things that they have already seen and heard. Editors are sometimes unduly obsessed by "4 a.m. news" and by the mystique of exclusivity: even if Wimbledon has been described in the evening papers, *and* seen on television, it is worth plenty of space in the mornings. The most horrifyingly beautiful thing seen on television in the past few weeks was the film of the British H-Bomb test; but the death-cloud moved and changed so quickly that many people who saw it must have looked the more closely at the pictures in their papers next morning (though these, admittedly, could not convey the full dreadfulness of the thing, which consisted in its inexorable, looming growth and almost animal changes of shape).

Take another example. Someone who has been to a West End first night usually looks to see what the theatre critics have said about the play in his favourite papers. An immense extension of this process is now in train. Last Sunday night some nine million people, many of whom have never been to a London (or any living) theatre, saw a production of *Edward, My Son*, with superb acting by John Clements and Brenda de Banzie. If those who stay at home to see a play react to such an experience in the same way as those who go to a theatre to see a play do, and I see no reason why they shouldn't, the TV criticisms must have been among the most widely read features in Monday morning's papers. In general, the amount of space devoted to TV by all newspapers, serious and popular—not only by those which have financial ties with commercial television—shows that, even if some editors fear television, they all realise that there is a strong reader-demand for TV news and reviews.

All this seems to add up to a reinforcement, rather than a reduction, of newspaper circulations. But it is certainly true that, if television is not a threat, it is a challenge. It is a challenge to newspapers and magazines to record and to describe events more exactly and more comprehensively than they can yet be recorded and described, by even the best cameramen and producers, in this evanescent and spatially limited medium; and to try also to compete with it in vividness and in the communication of personality.

* * *

Television was at its best on Tuesday night in Granada's programme on euthanasia, *Thou Shalt Not Kill?* This was a courageous and candid discussion, in which straight interview and argument alternated with illustrative dramatic sketches of doctors and their dying patients. (In one of these, a somewhat greasily emotional fat man seemed almost too eager to have his old mother put out of her misery: was he after the insurance money?) The transition from live dialogue to film was sometimes a little slow, but Howard K. Smith held the whole thing together with admirable impartiality, and the arguments were adequately deployed (though Dr. Glanville Williams, who advocated the legalising of euthanasia, misquoted Keats). Kingsley Martin, in the character of an "inquiring layman," and Dr. Letitia Fairfield reminded us of the horrors of Nazi euthanasia, and a cancer surgeon and the Bishop of Exeter made clear the fundamental moral and legal consideration—does the doctor intend to kill or does he intend to treat the illness and relieve pain by the use of drugs which may incidentally shorten life? As the Bishop said: "If we could never perform an action of which we knew one of the consequences to be bad, we should hardly act at all." Mr. Martin, adopting an anti-intellectual posture, professed to find this distinction "rather Jesuitical"—an undeserved compliment to the Society of Jesus, which has no monopoly in the doctrine of intention. He preferred trusting the doctors' common sense to legislation. But there was much more agreement between all those taking part in the programme than might have been expected.

TOM DRIBERG

Shaw's Saint Joan?

ONE figure left out of Shaw's Epilogue to his *Saint Joan* was the canvasser requiring film rights. He might have said: "First, we'll be more or less faithful to Joan (Shaw's rights on her, that's to say); then there must be some loosening up—a musical that'll knock all musicals, including Shakespeare musicals; and then so far as we are concerned, thank you, that's the end." The initial stage in this decline will be found at the Leicester Square cinema.

It is faithful to Shaw in its fashion, which is to employ a Catholic script-writer, Graham Greene (mustn't offend, of course), cut lavishly, and supplement discreetly. I am no Shaw fanatic, and my first meeting with the play, and Sybil Thorndike in the chief part, irritated me for always. This Loamshire girl beset by a whitewashed court seemed, and seems, miles from the point. However, Shaw very definitely had his own point: Joan as a Protestant. The first thing to be cut in the film is all argument about and mention of Protestantism. So, those who take *Saint Joan* very seriously, will be quite rightly disgusted. If I am not, that is only because I prefer the Old Knickerbocker Glory in his more heartless, hilarious mood.

The new Saint Joan is half-child, cropped, with luminous gaze but an American accent fresh, I should have said, from college. "Be you Dauphin?" sounds very odd from her lips. However, one gets used to that, and the fact that Miss Jean Seberg is an unknown among accomplished actors adds to her simplicity. She is appealing: too appealing, and not enough self-reliant. For some reason we are denied all battle scenes (though the burning is thrust on us); and much though we may warm to this slip of a girl, it's quite impossible to think of her leading an assault or striking a camp-whore with the flat of her sword. She touches us most when, chained to a log, she languishes in prison. From the Shavian point of view she has nowt to do with eggs, and not much with West winds, and Mr. Graham Greene does a bit of miracle-working on his own by making an impudent soldier fall back dead the instant he addresses her. His contributions, apart from that, and from removing the Protestant taint, consist chiefly in making flash-backs from the Epilogue, referring to the female rump, and cutting out—rather to my relief, I must say—nine-tenths of the Inquisitor's speech.

The second let-down is the Dauphin: Richard Widmark clowns him to an extent that kills clownishness. The rest of the acting is in most capable hands: Gielgud's Warwick (even if not tough enough), Felix Aylmer's Inquisitor, Richard Todd's Dunois are first-rate. But obviously the producer and director, Otto Preminger, has never wholly warmed to the job. If it was Saint Joan he was after, he would have bypassed Shaw; if Shaw, he would never have permitted the excision of his main argument. In the event this is a classy, rather null film.

Another classic, or the echo of one, is provided by Claude Autant-Lara in *Marguerite de la Nuit* (Curzon): Faust's Marguerite, and Faust an old buffer who has been enjoying Gounod's version since its first performance. It seems the Devil now operates in a Paris night-club, and the only thing he's afraid of is the police. He transforms the old opera-goer into a young screen type who will catch the fancy of the club singer—Marguerite. Some slight *frisson* is obtained from the setting—the *Cieux* and *Enfers* of Montmartre—but *Faust* with a sentimental Devil, an angry-pretty hero, and Michéle Morgan, isn't my cup of tea. Luckily the Curzon balance this doubtful contribution with *Seven Years in Tibet*, a reconstructed documentary with actual scenes from Heinrich Harrer's book of the same title. The Dalai Lama himself gave him the hand-camera these scenes were shot with. He gives too rosy an appearance of happiness to the peasants labouring under theocracy; otherwise this is a fresh, warm-hearted glimpse—our last of the Old Tibet.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

HUNGARIAN DEATH SENTENCES

SIR,—The "People's Council" of the Supreme Court in Hungary has announced the death sentence on six people. Amongst these are the writer Jozsef Gáli and the journalist Gyula Obersovszky. In April last they were sentenced by a lower court to one year and three years' imprisonment respectively. The High Court judge announced that the previous sentences were commuted to death sentences "because the case had to be considered as a political question; the accused had to be tried for their responsibility for the instigation of the counter-revolution." Thus their crime does not consist in fighting with arms, but in carrying out their vocation, in printing and publishing a newspaper during the revolution and leaflets after the second Russian aggression.

The admission that political non-conformism must be punished by death means the abolition of the very last vestiges of freedom and legality. It re-establishes the conception that prevailed under Stalin's rule. It shows that the comparative leniency of the Poznan trial, the Harrich trial in Berlin and the first trial against the two Hungarian writers, has been abandoned. It reverts to the total dictatorship of thought.

In Hungary the Writers' Association has been banned. Therefore it is our duty to call on our fellow writers, on the intellectuals, statesmen and jurists, both in the free world and in the countries under Communist rule, to protest against these acts of terror against our fellow writers, whose crimes consist in having expressed the people's will during and after the revolution.

PAUL IGNOTUS
Chairman.
ZOLTAN SZABO,
Acting Secretary.
Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad.

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SIR,—The following telegram has been sent to the Prime Minister of Hungary:

We the undersigned British writers convey our deepest disquiet at reports that the writers Gáli and Obersovszky are sentenced to death. This news strengthens our fears that press reports of increasingly arbitrary and inhumane police methods in your country must be true. In the interests of simple justice we appeal for a revision of these sentences.

JOHN BERGER, ALEXANDER BARON, ALEX COMFORT, BASIL DAVIDSON, JOHN FREEMAN, MERVYN JONES, CECIL DAY LEWIS, JACK LINDSAY, DORIS LESSING, MILES MALLESON, WOLF MANKOWITZ, ROGER MCDOUGALL, EDITH PARGETER, BERTRAND RUSSELL, JOHN ST. JOHN, JOHN SUMMERFIELD, ANTHONY THORNE, JOHN WAIN

I urge others who feel as we do to take similar action.

London, S.W.5. DORIS LESSING

[We endorse the appeal in these two letters. Further protest to the Hungarian authorities may increase the chance that the temporary "suspension" already announced will become a reprieve.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

GILBERT MURRAY AND THE CATHOLICS

SIR,—The allegation that my father re-entered the Roman Church appears to be untrue. It would not be true to say that he died a militant or unbending rationalist; I believe he died as he had for very many years lived, a reverent agnostic.

For a few years past my father had been increasingly worried by the thought of death. These thoughts seem to date from the occasion of Shaw's 90th birthday, on which occasion my father had written to Shaw suggesting that he, my father, should visit Shaw on his birthday; and Shaw replied on a postcard "For God's sake don't come. Old people destroy each other." Such was the foundation of these uneasy thoughts, and their zenith was reached when my mother died. My sister (Mrs. Toynbee) called on the parish priest, Fr Crozier, to ask him to say a mass for my mother (who was a Quaker), and Fr Crozier said he would like to call on my father to express sympathy. She said it was unsuitable for anyone to call just then; but a few days later this incident came out in conversation between Mrs. Toynbee and my father, and he rebuked her and said he would have liked a visit from the priest, and the latter was accordingly invited to tea, and pleasant conversation took place. Several times thereafter in the ensuing months Fr Crozier was invited to tea, and I gather it was not until a late stage that matters of faith formed the subject of conversation, but even then the visits in no way took the form of a convert being under instruction from a priest; and I am credibly informed that Fr Crozier never intruded himself from beginning to end.

Although my father seemed laid low by his wife's death last September, he rallied about a month afterwards, and went back to work on a translation, and resumed modest social intercourse, which went on till the middle of April, when a slight chill turned into pneumonia. I got a message at my home in Cumberland that he was grievously ill, which I passed on to my sister, who at once went to Oxford, to find my father in a comatose condition, sometimes conscious but mostly not so, and not expected to live through the next night. Mrs. Toynbee, as was natural, called on Fr Crozier and asked him to pray for her father; and the priest said that, of course, he would, and would my father like to receive the blessing of the Church into which he had been baptised? (He had been born and baptised a Roman Catholic, but not brought up as one. He had definitely severed his connection with the Church at the age of 11, when he first came to England.) Mrs. Toynbee said she thought any visit would be not only unsuitable but useless, as he would not recognise anyone or understand anything.

Later she asked her father, when for a moment he seemed to be coming to, "Would you like to have a blessing from that priest you know?" (The difference in form of the question from the way it was put by the priest may be noted.) He said "Yes" distinctly and clearly.

The priest was accordingly sent for and arrived within an hour. He went over to the bed and said "Do you know who I am?" Evidently he did, and the priest then asked "Would you like to have the blessing of the Church into which you were baptised?" and my father clearly said "Yes"; upon which the priest gave him a blessing. There followed some whispering by the priest, which my sister, who had withdrawn to the other side of the room did not try to listen to and did not hear; and she then saw the priest administering the sacrament of extreme unction, which involves the application of holy oil to the patient's forehead. The distinction between a blessing and a sacrament is that the former may be given to anyone, but the latter only to a member of the Church. As is well known, a Roman Catholic priest regards it as an extremely important duty to administer extreme unction to a dying person, and to fail to do so when it ought to be done is regarded as disastrous. Hence it may reasonably be supposed that a priest would consider it his duty to err in favour of presuming the patient to be a member of the Church.

At no time, says Mrs. Toynbee, did my father ask for the sacrament as such; Fr Crozier administered the sacrament at his own discretion, and my father was not in any condition to distinguish between a blessing and a sacrament. She adds: "I thought it very uncertain indeed how conscious my father was and I would not have dreamed of making a public claim that he had re-entered the Church." To a Roman Catholic's private convictions, it could be that the events above described might constitute or provide evidence of a semi-miraculous provision of grace at the last minute; but she is emphatic that she and her Roman Catholic friends would look upon it as most improper to use these facts as founding a claim for a death-bed conversion.

Although he was expected to die that night, my father rallied and lasted for another five weeks. He never regained full consciousness, except for short intermittent spells of consciousness, and he never again referred to this matter of the blessing, and the visit of the priest.

From these facts it would appear to be quite untrue to say that my father died in the Roman Catholic Church; and the complete answer to those who would assert that he did is that those who have personal knowledge of the matters in question, and who stand to gain most by making the assertion, namely my sister, her son Lawrence (who is also a Roman Catholic), and the priest, refuse to make any such allegation. Nor do the higher Roman Catholic authorities seek to make such a claim: nor did the latter raise any objection to the subsequent cremation.

Cumberland. STEPHEN MURRAY

WEST GERMAN JUDGES

SIR,—Recent research into the records of the courts—both regular and exceptional—of Nazi Germany has disclosed that no fewer than 150 judges and public prosecutors (full details of whom are available, employed today in the German Federal Republic and in West Berlin, were employed in the same or similar offices under Hitler, in the course of which they were responsible for the passing and carrying out of death sentences on some four hundred prisoners of various nationalities for offences against Nazi exceptional laws. Among their victims were a Jew, for using an identification card which did not contain the word "Jew"; several citizens for sheltering Jews; several more for "using anti-Fascist expressions"; Frenchmen for giving help to French prisoners of war; and a Pole for refusing to denounce fellow-citizens to the occupation authorities.

Some of these officials are today occupying the same posts which they held under Hitler; many of them have been promoted to higher posts. Several of them actually figure on the war-criminal lists of Poland and Czechoslovakia, but their surrender has been refused.

This state of affairs is humanly shocking enough for all who remember the behaviour of Nazi courts of justice, and for all who attach importance to keeping courts of justice clean and as far above reproach as possible. But it is also a direct breach of the Potsdam agreement, calling for action by the Potsdam powers. Under the Agreement (II, A.6) "all members of the Nazi party who have been more than nominal participants in its activities, and all other persons hostile to Allied purposes, shall be removed from public and semi-public office" and "shall be replaced by persons who, by their political and moral qualities, are deemed capable of assisting in developing genuine democratic institutions in Germany"; and further (II, A.8) "the judicial system will be reorganised in accordance with the principles of democracy, of justice under law, and of equal rights for all citizens without distinction of race, nationality and religion."

Judges and prosecutors who took such a part as these men did in the administration of Nazi exceptional laws are clearly rendered unfit not merely by the letter but also by the spirit of the provisions quoted above.

It is surely incumbent on all the powers who are parties to the Potsdam agreement to take immediate steps to investigate the position and to demand the immediate removal from office of all the officials involved.

Temple, E.C.4. D. N. PRITT

MELOUZA MASSACRE

SIR,—In their letter about the Melouza massacre Nora Beloff and D. R. Gillie state:

"We do not believe it would be possible to employ a French unit for the cold-blooded massacre of the entire male population of a large village without some members of the unit making statements about it fairly soon."

I know nothing about the Melouza murders except what I have read in the papers. However, Miss Beloff and Mr. Gillie might be interested in the following:

Some months ago a young man, just back from military service in Algeria, told me and about ten other persons how, when a patrol in which he participated was ambushed and lost five men, his company surrounded the nearest village and killed "the

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE...

SMALL wonder that lovers are so pale and wan. A Sonata Salad sounds all very well, but it's not much for a pair of thoroughly star-crossed lovers to get their teeth into.

In fact our advice to the lovelorn is to come out of the Metronome Grill and enjoy some good, honest, nourishing food. Like bread. Which scientists tell us is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of all the energy we, and our children, burn up in a day.[1] Bread provides us with body-building protein, and essential vitamins and minerals, too.[2] *And* goes very well in concert with cheese.

Those distinguished nutritional authorities Professor McCance and Dr. Widdowson in a Special Report,[1] say "Probably the most important finding concerns the high nutritive value of wheat in any of the forms customarily consumed by man". And that means bread. While a Panel of eminent scientists and medical men under the Chairmanship of Professor Lord Cohen say: "Bread is the most important staple food in the British diet".[3]

So make sure that you and your family have plenty of good fresh bread every day.

1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain—per 100 grams of flour:* Iron *—not less than 1.65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1*—not less than 0.24 milligrams.* Nicotinic acid*—not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritional Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU
21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

entire male population," about 250 Algerians in all.

This, he said, happened in November, 1956. This young man, and others from his unit, have been demobilised and some, no doubt, "making statements about it," for three months.

Is the story invented, exaggerated, true? I personally have no way of finding out—without risking what might be called "unpleasantness."

W. S.

Paris.

THE WRITING ON THE ROAD

SIR,—It is obvious from your recent leading article that a plan for roads must come, and that any plan will be forced to deal with more than capital investment.

Most jams develop on a few days each year, at holiday times or for special events. This traffic includes many cars which have little regular use but whose cost to the community is considerable for these few occasions. If there were a much larger annual tax a number of these cars would not appear on the roads because they would then be facing their true economic cost to the community.

The constant users would spread this annual charge over their higher mileage, but because mileage means road wear, accidents and so on, the fuel tax must play its part; at a higher rate than at present, in discouraging wasteful travel.

While the scheme needs further elaboration, for example, different rates for the various sizes of vehicles, special charges for parking, etc., the main concern is that road taxation should be recognised as a payment—a rent, in fact—for the use of the road system.

42 Moorlands, ANTHONY WARRINGTON
Welwyn Garden City.

SIR,—You rightly suggest that there is some quick and fundamental thinking to be done about our roads, and it seems to us that one aspect of this complex issue has been overlooked.

As a nation we spend a very considerable sum of money on new road building—but in the wrong place. From 1945-1954 the cost of new residential road construction in England was about £150 million. As for trunk roads, in the year 1953-54 we spent in England £868,000 on new construction and major improvement. In consequence we can now motor at crawling pace along congested trunk roads to find on turning off into a new housing estate, first-class roads, easy bends and a race-track character out of keeping with their residential purpose. Britain may be threatened with arterial sclerosis, but some of her veins are over-capacious. The balance has been lost.

Beyond doubt, some of our housing estate roads are over-designed, toughly constructed to withstand little more than a milk float per day, and wasteful in layout. The Ministry has shown how much can be saved on residential roads by careful design. It stands to reason that compact housing layout—urban in character rather than suburban—means economy on roads and services. Many a side-street in country towns is no more than a gravel topping on compacted earth, and it does its job effectively; it also tends to limit traffic speeds, which is desirable in quiet residential streets.

What we could save on housing estate roads, we might spend on the roundabouts and the trunk roads to the nation's advantage.

14 Fitzroy Street, SAMUEL MORRISON
London, W.1. GERALD F. SHEARD

TIT FOR TAP

SIR,—A further footnote to snooping. Book: *Liberty in the Modern State*. Publisher: Conservative Central Office. Next to a chapter by Rt. Hon. Gwilym Lloyd-George, is one by Professor A. L. Goodhart. He writes (p. 29): "More recently the American courts have had to determine whether wire tapping constitutes an unreasonable search. Fortunately telephone wires are not tapped in this country." Date of publication: January, 1957.

DENNIS SIMMS
MADELEINE SIMMS

5 Lymington Road, N.W.6.

AIRLINE SAFETY

SIR,—"Two Million Miler" needs to get his facts clear before he starts making allegations about pilots, members of the British Air Line Pilots Association. He alleges that these pilots have agreed to operate Viscount 802 aircraft without a radio officer "provided they receive extra pay for thus reducing their safety margin."

In the first place he needs to know that at no time has the Association made any approaches to any body for any crew member to be removed from the crew complement, and for years has resisted approaches from the various operators for such a reduction on the more advanced types of aircraft. The association, however, cannot stand in the way of technical progress, and its policy has always been that if it can be shown to the Association's satisfaction that aircraft can be operated without any impairment of the safety factor and provided that the work load can be carried by the pilots, then the work formerly undertaken by specialist navigators, engineers or radio officers may be carried out by pilots properly qualified to do the job. These were the principles which determined the attitude of the Association when in 1948-49 British European Airways desired to operate certain of their aircraft without radio officers. The decision was taken then so to do, and the Dakota, as the Pionair, has been operated without a radio officer since 1951. Then the Viking followed and both the Dakota and the Viking were operated without a radio officer, without any pilot receiving any additional pay for so doing. It is only since the move to reduce crew complements has increased in tempo, and it has been apparent that aircraft can be operated safely without the former specialist officer, that B.A.L.P.A. has decided that the pilots should share in the financial benefits which accrue. It is worthy of repetition, however, that B.A.L.P.A., as representative of the the British pilots, has been almost the last of pilot groups throughout the world to resist this tendency to a reduction in crew complements.

It would be interesting to know why "Two Million Miler" did not mention the Aer Lingus Viscount 700 series which have flown without a radio officer ever since they were introduced into service.

D. FELLOWS
General Secretary
The British Air Line Pilots Association,
95 Mount Street, W.1.

SEMPER EADEM

SIR,—In her very interesting review of my book *Testament of Experience*, Mary Scrutton attributes the success of some First War "best-sellers," and especially mine, to "exhibitionism to an extreme degree."

She may well be right, but Somerset Maugham has another explanation for uninhibited writing of this type. In his novel *Cakes and Ale*, the narrator reflects that there is one overriding compensation for all the troubles of a writer's life.

Whenever he has anything on his mind, whether it be a harassing reflection, grief at the death of a friend, unrequited love, wounded pride, anger at the treachery of someone to whom he has shown kindness, in short any emotion or any perplexing thought, he has only to put it down in black and white, using it as the theme of a story or the decoration of an essay, to forget all about it. He is the only free man.

It seems to me as I look back that a generation of writers smitten by tragedy in their early youth were moved at least as much by the half-conscious impulse to find release from their oppressive memories, as by exhibitionism for its own sake.

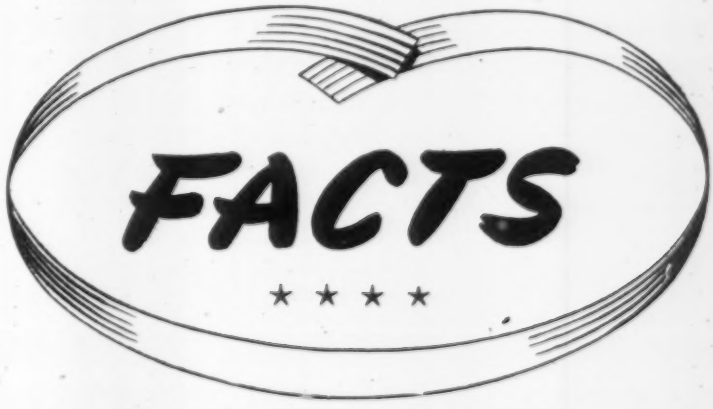
4 Whitehall Court, VERA BRITTAIN
S.W.1.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT

SIR,—May I be permitted to correct a couple of errors which crept into my review last week? Coleridge and Hawkins, of course, appeared for the family, not for the Crown, in the civil suit and the judge who tried the case was Bovill, not Borill.

LETITIA FAIRFIELD

60 Beaufort Mansions, S.W.3.



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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Henri de Montherlant

ALGERIA, the romantic and patriotic cult of the Sahara: Henri de Montherlant's *Desert Love** (*La Rose de Sable*) is a novelist's response to "the colonial situation" and the private dilemma of the conqueror. The introduction is not clear about this book. It has been drastically cut. The translation is from the French edition of 1955 and this is an extract from a much longer manuscript written in 1932. I am not sure whether this has ever been published; the suppressed portion is political. Why suppressed? Out of date, perhaps; or the author has changed his mind. We ought to be told and we are not. The book is evidently an attack on the conventional, upper-class European, nature's second in command. His class has dulled him. The present story contains the love story only of the original manuscript, and this is complete in itself. Love is M. de Montherlant's speciality: women are pitiable or contemptible instruments, men are exasperated executants. The curse upon man is the worship of maturity. Love is regarded as a delusive transaction between technicians who have engaged in it out of *amour propre* and are surprised by emptiness, hypocrisy, suffering and loneliness. Passivity predominates in his characters; from this they go on to cruelty and pity. They are hurt and hurting. Aiming at exactitude (which is not possible without heart) Montherlant's view is fundamentally perverse, but it has edge and clarity. He lacks the faculty and humility of human blindness.

Desert Love is one more of his examinations of the insulted and the injured. By the influence of his patriotic and socially influential mother, Lieutenant Auligny is posted to a remote station in the Sahara. She wants the glamour of a son "out there." He, too, is willing to believe in it. Lacking intellect, he is a passive passenger of contemporary rhetoric. He is ready to believe in the Sahara myth and when this illusion is quickly killed he falls back on the grumpy chauvinism of small things. This is good: upper-class chauvinism has become petty. Auligny is good, upright, kind, without military ambition and stupid. He is also morbidly sensitive. If we compare him with his English opposite number, the nice or decent fellow, Auligny probably lacks the group or social instinct which is second nature to the English and is their conventional hide-out when in personal difficulties. Auligny tries to think consistently; his opposite number would grope his way through an undergrowth of sentiment and worry. Auligny finds that the Sahara post is hell on earth. Heat, squalor, boredom, have driven the older hands to near-madness, drink and squalid nights with the one local prostitute. Auligny decides that he can keep his sanity if he finds an Arab girl companion. There must be some human tenderness which will give him security of spirit. A girl is quite easily contracted for; she is hardly more than an inarticulate, illiterate and obedient child. It upsets Auligny that he has had to rent her; it fusses him that the contract requires that she shall remain virgin—a conflict here between honour and personal vanity.

Auligny is a man without self-confidence. He invites a friend (the familiar artist-Casanova of French fiction whom one never really believes in) to share the girl. Guiscart-Casanova foresees the worst; a connoisseur of bizarre sexual situations, he refuses at the last minute. The effect on Auligny is excessive. The girl yields to him suddenly and he is in love with her. He is not only mentally entangled now; he becomes pro-Arab.

> Nobody even suspects the business of carnal love at the root of this or that action of ours which today seems so disinterested. And presumably this is all to the good. For we should all be most suspicious of any venture of spirit or conscience which we knew had begun by being merely one of the heart.

The last sentence there is more interesting than the first: as a minor, La Rochefoucauld, Montherlant is apt to fire only on one cylinder.

A parallel sympathy for the French is not, as we can see, aroused in the sandy, illiterate and passive girl. Goodness knows—Montherlant doesn't—what sex does for her. She is well-drawn and is certainly not sentimentalised. Once awakened she quickly tires; in any case, Auligny is a man who watches. He does not give. Neither she nor her father sees in him anything but the conqueror who commands and pays. Their desperate hunger is not sexual. The soft-hearted Auligny wishes to get more out of sex alone than can be bought, or is even there to buy. He is rejected. She and the one or two Arabs are silent when he makes pro-Arab remarks—a characteristic situation of the Thirties.

They do not hate him. They find him laughable. The reason seems to be that they are secure through living with their race; he is insecure, like a child whose pride is to pretend to be alone. There is the passing gaiety of the flesh. What else is there? (Auligny asks.) He calls the girl "the sand rose" because "she resembled those little petrifications in being as charming as their petals on the surface, but underneath as cold and inert as the stone of which they are formed."

Montherlant is a tender and exact analyst of the pagan processes of lust and his descriptions of carnal love are intimate without coarseness. He is not one of those erotic novelists who describe in order to excite themselves. Even in a brutal or squalid scene he keeps his head. His success here springs from the fact that he is more interested in the mind as the body affects it. His chief curiosity is for the character of Auligny, in pulling to pieces a character who combines stupidity and sensibility. Above all Montherlant is interested in the worry and pathos of human inconsistency. In "the colonial situation", indeed in any human situation, there is no such thing as a fixed type. Montherlant's other novels have left an impression of emotional immaturity, but this works to his advantage in describing the abortive love of transaction. And if there is something intrinsically mean in the scale and people of the episode, his strong physical feeling for the desert gives a larger impression of loneliness, desuetude and the grinding-down of life:

> For he was now wide awake, in the centre of the bivouac, drowned in the pungency of the troop's leather, and staring into starless sky. With strident whinnies, just like so many women laughing, some of the horses struggled and stamped their hooves, trying to get free from their hobbles. A man went across to tighten the knots. At last there was quiet. Auligny rolled over on the other side. Under the ash, the fire seemed to be out, but every now and then a little flame leapt up to illuminate the *shesh*-enwrapped head of one of the men, a shadowy bundle on the ground. . . . All around him his men lay asleep, their faces completely covered or with the *shesh* concealing their mouths. They sprawled like children, some so covered and bundled up that one would not have suspected they were human beings at all, others the opposite stretched out in the naivest postures. Some forearms were stretched up stiff in the air. There were lovely rings on the fingers of some of the uncouth soldiers. Their knuckles gleamed.

Were they human, was the Berber girl human? The conqueror's mind was tortured. He had the vanity of his principles, the burden of his backslidings. The sandstorm reduced one to frantic animal restlessness. It blew up the stench of smoke, turned the air to glue and rustled maddeningly on the dunes. In the heat one could have been lying under the furnace of a locomotive. A knife could have been stuck fast in the dense air. They told Auligny to keep cool by singing: "Lah, lah, lah, lah."

The portrait of Auligny is dispassionate and exhaustive. He is the well-brought-up young man, uprooted and lost. His difficulty is his inadequacy for the role of conqueror; very few can naturally fill it—those who know and those who do not ask. Auligny even lacks the desire for military distinction. His sensibility is really self-regarding and, when out of his depth, he is either brutal or wounded. His "case"—if he has one—is that he has never really moved out of Paris and in any very serious novel about the colonial situation, he is really not strong enough to be fully in it. He never really finds out about the Arabs, indeed in his humiliation, he cries out against the High Command for sending inexperienced men who do not know the language to the country. He is taken aback when he observes a "human" reaction in the Arabs—if he sees tears or some "unreasonable" behaviour. He is crushed when the girl he has bought does not love him and tells lies.

What has all this to do with Algeria? Isn't it a good deal just the dear old French theme of the bought little mistress, something neat about the disappointments of too-neat an idea? It is not Montherlant's fault that the Auligny situation is now out of date. He has done what he set out to do—to reduce the exotic Sahara myth to the experience of one of its nonentities. Implicit in this is also the exposure of nonentity love: the love that fears to meet an equal. In its erotic pages French literature has colonised wildly since the Romantic movement. That is now put right. Auligny rides off with his dream in his head, like any other sad officer in French fiction, but "trampled underfoot." It is "a closed dream." The road back is barred by ridicule. He has not even the consolation

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* *Desert Love.* By HENRI DE MONTHERLANT. Translated by ALEC BROWN. *Elek.* 15*s.*

of remorse. It is as if the young ladies in Chekhov had had no intention ever of going to Moscow. There is not even Good-bye. End of the European myth of the departing garrison.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A Prayer For The Fowk

For all clawcht in the archaic wab,
For the libbet son and volcanic sire,
For the tumoured lip and the leeand gab,
For the lassie with the ferlisome lyre;
For the auld-aged bairn and the bairnish man,
For all whase love's gane wrang or queer,
For losers, and them never ran,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

For the queyn whase lover-hatand faither
Boods to mak a whure his dochter,
Or send her til a carle's airms raither
Nor the ae true lover socht her;
For them wha set alang juke-boxes
And them wham nightmares ride with fear,
For them whase thocht's all paradoxes,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

For them wham dowie slums oppress,
For all wha bide in hauf-lit streets,
For them whase only love is cess,
For auld men selland daily sheets;
For all wha're bare of bum or shank,
For them wha're jimp of graith or gear,
For all seik sauls of whatna rank,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

For all wha ken or dinna ken
The jinkings of the benmaist hert,
Hou small whatever licht we bren,
Hou limitet our greatest pairt;
For all whase lives ae room contains,
And them wha trek the sun all year,
For them wha have or havenae brains,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

For love oppressed or unreturned,
The man's hert torn in a kitten's claws,
The woman's sacrifices spurned,
For all trapped in the saul's deep laws;
For the victim and the victimizer,
All wham hopeless grienings seer,
For the despised and the despiser,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

For the hauf-hour holidayers in
The Monacos of cramped cafes,
For orphan bairns left burd alane,
For barmless bodachs aye in a baise;
For all whase wishes droun the real,
Wha'd raither aye be There nor Here,
Whase love-bed's but the branders o' Hell,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

For talent drouned in the fowk's great womb,
For his niebour by spiv Profit robbed,
For genius torn in the machine,
For the owl and hawk by sparrows mobbed;
For the-morrow's warstle to be born,
For the unloved's mangset and despair,
For the beasts that haunt suburbia's dream,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

For the racked by rent and rates and taxes,
Mulctet by insurancies,
For the spriet that nocht but drug relaxes,
Drunken dreams, fagged fantasies;
Let Your mercie, pitie, peace,
Circulate like watered beer—
That the warld's pain may ken release,
Your succour and Your grace we spier.

TOM SCOTT

jimp—scant, *bodach*—nonentity, *baise*—nervous haste, *mangset*—state of anxiety

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JARROLDS

A Great Philistine

John Locke: A Biography. By MAURICE CRANSTON. *Longmans.* 42*s.*

John Locke was not an interesting human being; and it is immensely to the credit of Mr. Maurice Cranston who, after nine years of hard labour, has produced what will clearly be the "standard life" of the philosopher, that he nowhere gives way to the temptation, so wide open to a biographer, of making his book more interesting than its subject. Mr. Cranston does not embellish his narrative with imaginary conversations and considerations, he does not credit his hero with concealed yearnings or neglected sensibility, he does not try to entertain us with urbane reflections and he does not apologise for giving us dates and facts and authorities and references. Instead he devotes himself with admirable industry and selflessness to the seemingly charmless task of painting, in immense detail, the portrait of a man who turns out to be not much different from what we had always supposed him to be, and no more attractive either. Here is Locke as I am sure he was: timid, worldly, obsequious, secretive, philistine, greedy, touchy, virginal. Who can like him?

Yet there is also another side to the picture. Dull and cautious as he was, Locke was also a thinker of major philosophical importance. If not a great philosopher, he was certainly a great figure in the history of philosophy—which is perhaps, in the light of his temperament, odder still. It was he more than anyone else who was the founder of modern empiricism. He is the father of Berkeley and Hume, of the Encyclopædists and the Utilitarians, of Russell and contemporary Positivists. Again, it is he who established a certain view of philosophy which remained dominant in Europe for a hundred and fifty or two hundred years and to which both empiricists and the enemies of empiricism alike unquestioningly subscribed: that of philosophy as the study not of the world and its principles but of mind and its processes, of "human understanding." Logic, epistemology, ethics, æsthetics all became sciences of how human beings come to entertain certain leading conceptions, of how the ideas of number, or the external world, or good and evil, or beauty, squeeze their way into the human head. And that this was so is ultimately Locke's work.

Nowhere does Mr. Cranston give a direct answer to the paradox of this man, so pedestrian in biography, so revolutionary in history; nor do I even know that he would admit to it in such crude and schematic terms. But much of what he says, perhaps everything of what he says, is relevant to it. At one point, commenting on the meagreness and general flatness of Locke's account of his journeys through France in 1675-9, Mr. Cranston observes that Locke's philistinism "was in no sense an aberration."

> He wanted to get away from the imagination, away from the vague glamour of medieval things, from reverence for tradition, from mysticism, enthusiasm and *gloire;* away from all private visionary insights and down to the plain, measurable, publicly verifiable facts.

In other words, Locke's philistinism fits with a certain social outlook: with his rejection of aristocratic life and his enthusiasm—if that were a permitted word—for bourgeois life and its values, for commercial enterprises and investment and hard work. Of this outlook the most important manifestations—the friendship with Shaftesbury and the period as Commissioner of Trade—are well documented in Mr Cranston's book; and we are also allowed to see its crueller side in the horrifying memorandum he prepared on unemployment and pauperism—press-ganging of able-bodied paupers, the confinement of women and the old to Houses of Correction, and the "sound whipping" of young girls were the remedies he proposed.

And this social outlook is, in turn, reflected in the philosophy. The congruence of empiricism and commercial society is a truism of social history: a society whose success and growth depend on mastering the regularities of human behaviour cannot afford to admit claims to special knowledge, whether mystical or rationalist in origin. Again, on a more specific point, it is perhaps not fanciful to see an affinity between Locke's conception of knowledge and its growth on the one hand, and commercial experience on the other. For according to Locke we get to know more and more (when we do) by accumulating or hoarding discrete and definable units of intellectual exchange: "ideas." And conversely all knowledge that we have is ultimately cashable into so many units of a common currency. To challenge any theory or belief is to ask for its backing in ideas; to produce them is to justify it; to show that they are missing is to declare it counterfeit. Here Locke's philistinism and his philosophy join hands.

To explain Locke's philosophy is not, however, to depreciate it. Locke's great contribution to philosophy is that he lowered its temperature. And, some will say, its tone as well. On this point, however—which is of far more than local importance—no solution is ever likely to be universally acceptable. Subjects that lie between Art and Science, such as philosophy and the criticism of arts and the theory of politics, are liable to permanent oscillation between, on the one hand, those who think that matters of deep and profound significance ought to be talked of only in pregnant and prophetic accents, in the voice of the Imagination as it were, and, on the other hand, those who hold that just because the material itself is so highly charged, so dynamic, discussion of it should always be conducted in deliberately cool and muted tones. Of this latter category Locke was one of the supreme theorists: and Mr. Cranston a worthy practitioner.

RICHARD WOLLHEIM

The Indian Mixture

Development for Free Asia. By MAURICE ZINKIN. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

How to jump a thousand years of economic history? Mr. Zinkin takes it for granted that Asia needs, and in some sense desires, to catch up on the technical development of the West and this involves, not only a great effort of accumulation but also, partly as a means, partly for its own sake, a radical change in habits and ideals—general literacy, scientific education, social mobility, the freeing of women, the abandonment of superstitions.

If the aim is to imitate the West there is a *prima facie* case for following the western path. Take the shackles off the profit motive (eschew controls, reduce taxation) and let pure undiluted capitalism do the job. Economic development means to squeeze out the at-first meagre surplus over mere subsistence, and invest it in self-multiplying forms. This is just what capitalism, to speak teleologically, was invented to do. Soon enough the capitalists will feel the need for a scientifically educated class of technicians, and from them rationalism will filter down to the roots of superstition.

It can be made to sound plausible, but there are strong reasons why this answer does not suit the Indian case (Mr. Zinkin's book is mainly about India, where he has great personal knowledge). The first is simply that it has not happened. It is easy enough to make suggestions and counter-suggestions as to the causes why capitalism has flourished in some societies and not in others, but whatever the causes, the fact is plain—India has been part of the world market as long as any country, and the problem of development is still on her hands.

The second reason is political. In the West democracy (in the ballot-box sense) developed behind capitalism, softening its rigours after the blood, sweat and tears of the first century had begun to yield some fruit. In India democracy has been installed in advance. This has a two-sided effect, but both sides are inimical to quick

development. On the one side, by the queer twists of latter-day political thought, democracy has become identified with respect for property, status and vested interests. Democracy in this sense draws the teeth of land reform, permits unearned luxury, retards the liberating shake-up in social relations, clogs the rationalists' struggle against hallowed nonsense. On the other side, democracy, in a more natural meaning of the word, demands a reduction in inequality, some elements of a welfare state, attention to the standard of life of the workers; in short, to relax the stern process of squeezing out the surplus before it has fairly begun. Moreover, the capitalist solution, at best, can touch only a minor portion of the economy. The heart of the problem both of welfare and of material development lies in agriculture. It is all very well for Mr. Zinkin to say: The landlord must go. The process of getting rid of him, in duly legalistic form, is not really very far advanced in India, and in many other parts of Asia has not yet even been agreed in principle. And when the landlord has gone, what is to take the place of rent as a means of siphoning the surplus out of the villages to supply industrial development? Capitalism has not any solution to offer.

What then of the Communist way? We know now that the problem of development can be solved by crowding the sweat and tears of two hundred years into a generation. We know that the Communists do not suffer from legalistic inhibitions in dealing with landlords. We know that the incidentals of development — mass literacy, the freeing of women, the smashing of archaic customs—go fast enough with them. But this solution also (whichever way you like to look at it) is not open to India, for the same reason that the pure capitalist solution is not open—it has not happened.

So far no Communist party has come to power merely on the merits of the case. They have always emerged from war or been given a powerful leg-up by an established Communist nation. (In India there is an example of a democratically elected Communist party in power in a State, but the scope of a State government is limited.) Having missed the anti-British bus, who knows how long the Indian Communists will have to wait for another one? Whatever the future may hold, India remains a democracy for the time being, and for that very reason neither the pure capitalist nor the Communist path is open, and there is nothing to say save to wish her good luck in finding her third way.

Mr. Zinkin hankers very much after the pure capitalist solution (the more because his rather superficial economic analysis makes it all seem too easy) but he recognises that it will not do, and the best part of his book is concerned with the typically Indian compromise measures, such as Community Development Projects and the fostering of small-scale industry. Here local knowledge and sympathetic insight enliven the argument and help the ignorant western reader to grasp the daunting problem that Indian reformers face. The Communist alternative he cannot bear even to consider, and his occasional remarks about it are naive in the extreme. For instance, he suggests that in Communist countries (unlike democratic India) education is neglected for the sake of material development (page 42). It is sad to find that even in the liberal atmosphere of an uncommitted country the cold war can have such a stupefying effect upon a shrewd, intelligent and humane observer.

The other regions of Asia receive scant mention, in fact in so far as Mr. Zinkin says anything about them he is usually generalising from India, which is a very rash thing to do.

JOAN ROBINSON

The third edition of *Nigeria: Handbook of Commerce and Industry*, published by the Nigerian Government, is available from the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, S.W.1 (10s.): the *Year Book and Guide to Southern* and to *East Africa* are published by Robert Hale at 10s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. respectively.

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ALLEN & UNWIN

Nightmare Landscape

Silk Hats and No Breakfast. By HONOR TRACY. *Methuen.* 15*s.*

On the map, I admit, Estremadura does look intriguing—as doubtless the Belgian Congo looked intriguing to the publishers of the *New York Herald* as they cheerfully waved goodbye to Mr. Stanley on the pier at Long Island. North of Seville, a misty pall of ugliness descends. The sun no longer bakes, but burns; the cheerful, homely roads corrode into evil crevices; the steaks dry into green leather; the wine grows sour and gritty. On the roadside, malevolent peasants creep out of their hovels to hurl boulders at your bus; a pitiless, arrogant religion provides only the vocabulary of curses. Farther north, across the border of Galicia, the rain instantly transforms the mud desert into treacherous bogs. Delicious fish abound off the coast; but the sea is always too rough to catch them. Whatever energy and intelligence exist, which in Estremadura are burnt up in sweat and fever, in Galicia are insanely transformed into Gaelic poetry. Priests are reviled because they read the Gospel in Latin; Franco, because he will not subsidise Galician literature. You cannot meet the wise Galicians, or the sensible ones, or the kind ones: they are already comfortably installed in South America.

This is the nightmare country through which Miss Tracy dutifully trudged. Buses left her stranded in remote countrysides after dark; trains functioned according to timetables unavailable to mere Englishwomen. Revolting meals were served to her with rage and reluctance. Vile hotels grudgingly admitted her to verminous garrets. ("A heavy young woman lounged against the post of the front-door, languidly hitting at flies with a fan. She made no reply when I asked for a room but slowly looked me up and down with suspicion and a kind of animal resentment.") And there were the armies of predatory children:

> The instant El Viejo opened the door of the church they fell on me, screaming and trying to pull my bag away; and when at last the idea sank into their brains that there was to be no more money they baited me as if I were an animal. A stone would catch me in the small of my back and as I whirled about to discover the culprit, another small fiend would creep up and jab me viciously with a pointed stick, while the rest kicked my shins with a will: it is amazing how much a horny little toe can hurt.

Wellington, who merely had to use this part of the world as a place to fight in, could dismiss it philosophically and briefly: "Horrible place, horrible." But Miss Tracy had to write her book. At one point, she confesses, "I thought bitterly of Madame D'Aulnoy, that enterprising armchair traveller of the seventeenth century, whose brilliant volume of *Travels into Spain* was crowned by all critics of discernment, including Taine and Sainte-Beuve; and who had the sense to compose it without ever setting foot in the country." But courage and discipline prevailed, and the result is a delightful and touching book. Her sufferings are recorded with a tranquillity which only occasionally descends into cold rage; such censure as she permits herself is reserved, and very rightly too, for General Franco. Unlike V. S. Pritchett, she does not try to reflect the poetry which glowers beneath the surface; unlike Anthony Carson, she cannot think herself into the lunatic interior logic which, once understood, makes Spain comprehensible; but I know of no book which so calmly and accurately pins down the fascinating horror of everyday Spanish life.

From an author who has stirred all Ireland into anger, this Christian charity may seem surprising; but how wise it is! In the final analysis, there is no evil in Spain, only stupidity. Reflecting on those unfathomable Spanish mysteries—the 500 years it took them to expel the Moors, the foreign policy of Philip II, the theology of Suarez, the strategy of both armies during the Civil War, the paintings of Salvador Dali, the philosophy of Ortega y Gasset—I am always led back to the words spoken to me by a grizzled British consul who had spent 40 years trapped in Granada: "There is nothing wrong with this country which a higher I.Q. wouldn't cure."

PAUL JOHNSON

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Compulsion. By MEYER LEVIN. *Muller.* 20*s.*

The Awakened. By ZOÉ OLDENBOURG. Translated by EDWARD HYAMS. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

White Man's Test. By PIERRE BOULLE. Translated by XAN FIELDING. *Secker & Warburg.* 14*s.*

Eagles' Nest. By ANNA KAVAN. *Owen.* 15*s.*

In 1926 in Chicago, during the days of bootleg booze and the Stutz Bearcat, two eighteen-year-old boys named Leopold and Loeb, millionaires' sons both and both intellectually brilliant to the point of genius, kidnapped and murdered the son of a third millionaire. There was no doubt of their guilt; even Clarence Darrow, great defence counsel as he was and at the height of his reputation, could only save them from the chair, and they were sentenced to 99 years' imprisonment. Why had they committed the crime? In the ordinary sense it was motiveless, and a great deal of the fascination the case aroused came from what can only be called its literary nature. Perhaps it was explicable, if not in terms of Raskolnikov's crime in *Crime and Punishment*, at any rate in the light of his essay "On Crime" in a sociological review; and it seemed to have close affinities with Gide's account of an *acte gratuit* in *Les Caves du Vatican* and with the behaviour of the adolescent characters in his *Les Faux-monnayeurs*, the appearance of which was almost exactly contemporary with the Leopold-Loeb crime. Now, thirty years after, Mr. Meyer Levin has used it as the theme of a novel that is brilliant, absorbing and convincing.

How far Mr. Levin has departed from the actual facts of the crime I cannot pretend to know. It seems he has taken passages verbatim from Darrow's summing-up, and impressive they are. He emphasises that he is not writing a *roman à clef* but a contemporary historical novel and has allowed himself the licence of the historical novelist. "Whether my explanation is literally correct", he writes, "is impossible for me to know. But I hope that it is poetically valid." I think it is. Mr. Levin has performed the novelist's task, which is—the words are Graham Greene's—"to draw his own likeness to any human being, the guilty as much as the innocent." *Compulsion* exists in its own right as a novel, regardless of the actual case on which it is built.

The treatment is ingenious. Mr. Levin's narrator is a newspaper reporter re-living the case thirty years later. Though as a junior reporter he had helped to cover it, he has in a way been implicated with Steiner and Straus, for so Mr. Levin names the two young men. He knew them at the University of Chicago, and his girl was a friend of Steiner's. The result, besides being a graphic reconstruction of the crime, is a portrait of the two young men in depth, almost, one might say, in depth-psychology. They are extraordinarily vividly rendered as the world saw them, Steiner with his chilling intellectual arrogance, Straus with his little-boy charm; but even more impressive is the way Mr. Levin strips away the surface appearance and gets below the personæ to the lonely and lost children lurking below, the puppets of compulsions which they do not acknowledge and, indeed, are not wholly conscious of. The quest for motives becomes a full-scale psycho-analytical investigation of Steiner and Straus, in which the actual manner of the crime, the arrangement of the victim's body and so on, are clues no less vital than the reconstruction of their childhood experiences. Normally, the result of most applications of psycho-analysis to great historical or literary figures seems reductive; that is, Hamlet is no longer Hamlet or Baudelaire Baudelaire, but both merely examples of the Œdipus Complex at work. This is not true of Mr. Levin's novel. Indeed, so far as Steiner goes, the result is an enhancement of the character, for he emerges, when all is known or surmised, as a truly tragic figure. For him, at any rate, one's final feelings are of pity and awe.

The Awakened is Mme Oldenbourg's first novel of modern life, and coming from so distinguished an author, it disappoints. It is the story of the love of a young White Russian refugee in Paris in the years immediately before the war for a Jewish girl in exile from Germany, a love that arouses the intransigent opposition of the girl's father, Leo Lindberg, a professor at the Sorbonne, who cannot conceive of a union between his daughter and a man to his mind barbarian by race and heretical in religion. The boy Ilya is Orthodox, the Lindbergs converts to Roman Catholicism—of, surely, a somewhat unusual brand, for Lindberg believes that since they remain the chosen people only Jews can be real Christians. Lindberg will, I imagine, affect most English readers in much the same way as do the heroes of Montherlant's plays. One of the few characters in the novel who see him from the outside, and from a worldly point of view, comments on him thus: "Sublime pretensions and no moral sense. And his mania for trying to make prodigies of his daughters, without the least ability to make their lives bearable!" I was never sure, while reading, how far Mme Oldenbourg realised what a monster of egoism she had created in Lindberg. For me the chief interest of this excessively long novel, with its *longueurs* of high-falutin, lay in the glimpses we are given of White Russian life in France before the war. These, it seems to me, have an immediate impact of reality the rest of the novel lacks.

White Man's Test is a curious production. It begins with a very sympathetic account of life in a remote Malayan fishing village during the war. The inhabitants have sheltered a little white girl

from the Japanese. She has adapted herself to their ways and at the age of fourteen marries the young fisherman, Moktuy, who rescued her in the first place. With the return of the Europeans, she is taken, very much against her will, back to France to be brought up as a European. Then the novel becomes an attack on the evils of the French educational system and its dominance by the General Certificate, the girl's failure in which causes her Malay husband to run amok and murder her. I report merely what I read.

It must be quite ten years since Mr. Anthony Powell amended Southey with the lines:

> It was a summer evening,
> Old Kafka's work was done.

But here is Miss Kavan, whose short stories in *Horizon* during the war were rightly admired, cutting us another slice, even to the extent of having a mysterious character called the Administrator, or sometimes just A, who, of course, proves in the end to be "as much a victim of the system as everyone else."

WALTER ALLEN

Divided Nation

The French Nation from Napoleon to Pétain 1814-1940. By D. W. BROGAN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s*.

The Trial of Marshal Ney. By HAROLD KURTZ. *Hamish Hamilton.* 25*s*.

Some books are so indispensable that one cannot imagine life without them. Such a one was the *Development of Modern France*, which Denis Brogan published in 1940. The date astonishes me: only 17 years ago. How did we ever manage without Brogan's book? How did we have any ideas on modern France before it was published? It occupied our minds like a conquering army and has ruled triumphant ever since. The *Development of Modern France* was a masterpiece and, like most masterpieces, full of faults. It was crushingly long, packed with illustrations and allusions. Perhaps only a reader who knew as much about France as Brogan himself could really master it. Yet with the passing of the years the book has gradually soaked into our minds and now shapes our outlook. Enviously contemplating this wonderful achievement, we have consoled ourselves with the thought of Brogan's defects. We told ourselves that he could never draw out a simple narrative. There would always be too many anecdotes, too much detail, even much irrelevance. Always the crowded canvas; never the broad line.

Now Brogan can chuckle. In his new book on France he does precisely all the things that we thought beyond him. He narrates; he simplifies; he sticks to the point. The new book is less than half the length of the old one and covers a period twice as long. The one thing it has in common with its predecessor is to be the best of its class. We need never hesitate again when asked to recommend a brief history of modern France, simple, accurate, wise. The title defines its limitations. This is a history of the national community. Art, science, economics come in only in so far as they are relevant to the unity and disunity of the national consciousness. Brogan still has two characteristic tricks which may confuse the reader. One is to mix figures of real life with the creatures of fiction. Balzac and Flaubert, Anatole France and Proust provide deputies, cabinet ministers, leaders of society; and no doubt their characters are more memorable than the living counterparts. The other trick is perhaps less excusable in a historian. Brogan has a persistent dislike of dates, apart from the great landmarks to which the narrative is pegged—1814, 1848, 1914 and so on. This book tells us why things happened, rarely when. Of course Brogan himself knows the answer, but one cannot always be ringing him up in Cambridge to find out.

The book contains no startling surprises or novel theories. It was not meant to. It has wit, occasional titbits of information, such as that Victor Hugo's mistress was the model for the

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statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde. But essentially it is a distillation of known events and known ideas. Bouvard and Pécuchet would give it their blessing. The theme is the French problem, first posed by Burke and never solved. The great revolution shattered the traditional pattern of French life. How could a new pattern be created? The French have tried reason, patriotic emotion, conscious imitation of the past. They have never found unity. Brogan catalogues the dissenters: the republicans and imperialists under the monarchy, the nobles under the republic, and the industrial workers under every regime after the bloody days of June, 1848. When the narrative ends, Pétain was to make another attempt; and, though Brogan does not say so, de Gaulle was to do the same—with equally little success. The French nation remains proudly one, yet rent asunder. These are commonplaces, but they have never been said better or more effectively.

Harold Kurtz's book on Marshal Ney is an excellent companion to Brogan's survey. It is a commentary in detail on the same point: the vain French search for national unity. As a Marshal, Ney was no great shakes; the bravest of the brave no doubt, but no strategist or military leader. Despite Mr. Kurtz's defence, he would occupy a small place in our books were it not for the manner of his end. In 1815 Ney did what most other French soldiers did: he went over to Napoleon. But, unlike his colleagues, he failed to pretend that he was being mastered by events; he claimed to control them. He announced that he would take Napoleon prisoner; and instead issued the order to join him. It would be nice to make out that Ney acted from romantic enthusiasm, like the young Charles de la Bédoyère, whom Mr. Kurtz brings in as a contrast. It would be tolerable if he acted, however mistakenly, from calculation. In reality, it was neither: pure chuckleheadedness, the quality which Ney displayed even on the battlefield. This, too, makes the trial unsatisfactory. It is not really on a level with the trials of Joan of Arc and Dreyfus, as Mr. Kurtz suggests. The issues were not sharp enough, even Ney was not clear why he had rallied to the cause of the Empire. The motive for the trial was equally confused. Was it meant to impress the allies or to overawe the French people? Perhaps a bit of both; and most of all a pious gesture towards a non-existent legality. Ney became a political symbol, was half restored by the July monarchy and fully rehabilitated under the second Empire. How long will it be before Pétain and Laval are rehabilitated in their turn?

A. J. P. TAYLOR

GHANA

NELSON have already printed three impressions of 'this extraordinary book . . . without any suggestion of pomp or remoteness . . . an attractive, reassuring portrait'— in the words of *The Times Literary Supplement*. The author is now visiting this country for the first time for five years to attend the Conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers. *40 halftones and 4-colour endpaper maps* 21s

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Germany, Two-faced

Watcher on the Rhine. By BRIAN CONNELL. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21s.

"Seventy million Belgians in the centre of Europe would present a problem. Seventy million Germans present an insoluble problem. *Ergo*, the condition of permanent peace in Europe is the belgianisation of the German people." Every time since the war that I have visited Western Germany, this theorem has occurred to me. It first occurs, I am told, in a book by Leon Trotsky. If so, he was a remarkable prophet. For belgianisation is the only word I know which exactly describes the political climate of Bonn or Munich. It is quite incorrect to say that the Germans have been de-politicised: what has happened is that their romantic Great Power politics have been changed into provincial politics of a small country and a bourgeois people. Moreover, the politicians who now manage their affairs are all of them—to pervert Lloyd George's saying about Neville Chamberlain—potential Mayors of Brussels in a lean year. Adenauer is the exception who proves the rule. He is a European whose calibre nearly matches that of M. Spaak.

Quite recently I tried to provoke a political reaction by putting this theorem to a group of business executives from the Ruhr and the Rhineland. When I had finished, the chairman politely replied, "The only thing which could possibly make me go into politics, Mr. Crossman, would be if there were any sign that you were wrong." The more you see of the Federal Republic, the less absurd this sounds. For the time being an almost neurotic concentration on business success, ostentatious display and creature comforts have replaced the nationalistic *Strebungen* of the German power elite.

And yet. . . . When I see a great nation adopting the petty materialist standards of a minor power, I cannot help wondering whether the transformation is permanent. Is not the concept of a Germany permanently belgianised as unconvincing as that of a Britain scaled down to the level of Sweden? The nagging doubt persists, especially among those of us with personal experience first of the Weimar Republic and then of the Third Reich; and it makes the task of reporting very difficult indeed.

That is why I don't blame Mr. Brian Connell too severely for his habit of spatchcocking purple passages of bad-tempered anti-German invective into a book which purports to be a serious report on the two zones of Germany. Mr. Connell is an angry, inconsistent writer because he has lived in Germany and acquired the ambivalent love-hate relationship which Germans display to each other. The defect of *Watcher on the Rhine* is a German defect. It contains a great deal of conscientiously collected factual material and a great many conclusions based not on these facts but on prejudice. What Mr. Connell likes about post-war Germany he likes with a German sentimentality, and what he condemns he condemns with a German violence. Writing about Berlin, he explains the revival of homosexual night-clubs with the German assertion, "The youth of Berlin, deprived of their natural aspirations, have called in the example of the frenzied 1920s to tip the balance of the frustrated 1950s"; and he gives the German distortion of the refugee problem in the Federal Republic when he observes, "Nearly a fifth of the total population, although housed, is *fundamentally homeless*."

Lest I am being unfair to Mr. Connell, let us leave politics and take a look at his accounts of life in the Federal Republic. Here is his description of the industrial revival in the Ruhr.

> On the jolting, cobbled streets of its dreary towns you are likely to see more shiny, black directors' Mercedes limousines than Volkswagens.

What Mr. Connell means is perfectly sensible—German business executives mostly have motor-cars, whereas German workers mostly don't. But in no Ruhr town has Mr. Connell seen more Mercedes limousines than Volkswagens. His description is emotionally true but contradicts the observable facts. In the case of his chapters on East Germany this is not surprising, since he apparently wrote them without venturing farther than East Berlin. Inevitably his report has all the glossy vividness of West German propaganda about the East.

To these German defects he adds a highly personal attachment to mixed metaphors and jumbled clichés. During the year in which he appointed himself Watcher on the Rhine, he saw "seeds of disruption crystallise with the passage of time" and discovered "economic foundations which were only skin deep." Most remarkable of all, he observed that "the warrior nation turned Frankenstein which had overrun most of Europe lay prostrate, lifeless and humbled"—a slight case of confusion between the man who made the monster and the monster itself, which seems natural enough on the banks of the Rhine. Nevertheless, this bad-tempered book contains some shrewd observations, particularly on politics in Bonn.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Academic Frontiersman

Seven Caves. By CARLETON S. COON. *Cape.* 28s.

Once when Dr. Coon showed a picture of a Hairy Ainu of Japan to his students he was puzzled by their laughter until he realised they were seeing a close similarity between the lecturer and his subject. Both the likeness itself, with its suggestion of sturdy ruggedness, and the fact that he tells the story at all, reveal what is most characteristic of the man and his work. This distinguished authority on the races of mankind is an academic frontiersman—forthright, courageous, inclined to be impatient of all that is elaborate and formal in the Old World.

He showed these qualities when he overcame many obstacles (departmental red tape was often the most baffling) to discover and excavate these seven caves strung out, several of them in most inaccessible places, between Syria and Afghanistan. He shows them again in electing to publish his work in the form of the *Seven Caves*, which, as he himself says, is "an experiment in archæological writing," and one which makes "the writer vulnerable to attack from many quarters." This book is unusual in that it is a serious report written by the excavator himself and containing certain original ideas, and yet entirely free from jargon or any of the other devices by which the specialist usually likes to disguise the essential simplicity of his results. An extremely able attempt of the same kind was recently made in this country by the excavator of the Lullingstone Roman villa; he was sharply rapped by experts who clearly suspected him of selling the pass.

It is to be hoped that Carleton Coon is too formidable a figure for this kind of treatment. His experiment is certainly successful. He blends absorbing and often amusing accounts of his journeys, of the digging, of the men of many races who worked for him, with a summary of the intellectual implications of his discoveries. In this way the reader is made to feel as though he had been present at each excavation and

knew its setting, its special problems and humours—he is even allowed to see where Dr. Coon, who was not an experienced excavator, got himself into unnecessary straits. The fascinating region along the Persian shores of the Caspian where East and West have long met and mingled is particularly well evoked.

The results of Dr. Coon's explorations have contributed substantially to our knowledge of the end of the Old Stone Age and the beginning of the New. When so much of the story of our prehistoric past has been recovered it is easy to forget that some of the most important passages are still obscure. One of these concerns the source of the brilliant hunting cultures which reached western Europe during the last glacial phase—cultures marking the first great acceleration in man's technical achievement as well as the earliest flowering of his artistic genius. A second concerns the origins of farming. Dr. Coon, who has a clear understanding of terrain, cunningly chose his sites to illuminate these obscurities. There is no space here to explain his findings or argue his conclusions, but it is the great merit of *Seven Caves* that no one need have any difficulty in reading these things for himself.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Glimpses

The Eye of the Beholder. By LANCE SIEVEKING. *Hulton Press.* 30*s.*

What is the matter with this book? Why, in spite of its liveliness, its high spirits, its good stories, its innocuousness, its diffidence, its all too apparent charm, has it irritated me more than anything I have read since that high-falutin garland of friendship that his acquaintance lately wove around Sir Sydney Cockerell? To the superficial eye, its dreadful dust-cover apart, Mr. Sieveking's book is nothing more than a rather over-personalised account of the various celebrities he has bumped against in the course of his distinguished career as a radio producer. Those he knew well—Hugh Kingsmill, Eddie Marsh, Mr. Eric Maschwitz—he writes about with an agreeable affection. He is good on Rupert Brooke, good on his one dreadful brush with Belloc, very good on his strange encounter with Public Face Number One in a Scotch mist outside the Albert Hall:

> "Look," I said, "whichever way we go, we're bound to get to the main door in the end! Come on."
>
> "I've been rright rround, and I couldna find it!" said my companion as we went cautiously on, every now and then feeling for the circular wall.
>
> A sort of dreamlike sensation took possession of me. Our progress was slow. Every now and then we nearly collided.
>
> "We shall be late," said the small man, and added, "We must go rround and rround—and rround." He sounded depressed.
>
> As we passed through the hazy glow of a lamp I looked more closely at him and suddenly realised who he was. The high forehead, the fluffy, receding grey hair, the drooping grey moustache, the lips compressed into a smile that was not a smile, the eyes which now looked anxious but were framed by innumerable wrinkles made by a public smile of long habit, the strong Scotch voice, and now a familiar gesture—the hand grasping the lapel of his coat: all these together made the Right Honourable James Ramsay MacDonald.

There are admirable glimpses of Lloyd George ("when I caught his eyes, I had an odd sensation which I can only describe as a sudden instinct that I must defend myself") and of the Asquiths ("there was an effect about this small couple as they came into the room, as if she had just spoken firmly to her husband. He had the air of a man who is trying to rise above a severe remark."). There is a masterly vignette of President Wilson and Lord Robert Cecil in an aeroplane and there is a rather macabre story of Charles Laughton and a tree swing. There is the war-time Priestley telling Mr. Sieveking "I am not a 'North Countryman', I am a 'National Figure!'" and there is Sir Osbert Sitwell confessing engagingly that "I am a real caterpillar for devouring bays and laurels." There is also an astonishing conversation with Mr. Baldwin at Number Ten. The time is 1937 and the Prime Minister and Sir Geoffrey Fry are discussing Mr. B.'s successor:

> "It will be like a lovely prize for an old gentleman who has a long and creditable career in the public service."
>
> "Not perhaps a very distinguished or memorable one, but a long and honourable career," said Mr. Baldwin, relighting his pipe.
>
> Geoffrey, developing his smile, added: "It'll be like a huge box of the finest chocolates, with a gigantic green silk bow on the top of it."
>
> We all laughed, and Mr. Baldwin strolled away towards the door. As he reached it, he turned and said thoughtfully:
>
> "There won't, of course, be time for him to *do* very much. . . . There's nothing particular going on just now. He won't be called on to make any important decisions. . . ."

What, then, is wrong about all this? The clue lies, I think, in Mr. Sieveking's own literary personality. There is an air of random purposefulness about his human contacts that I must confess I find depressing. The end-papers to his book consist of a strange family tree of friendships which he entitles "*Arbor Cognitionis*" and of which he writes: "This tree of First Encounters and Acquaintanceship contains only those people who are mentioned in the book, and only some of them. It is intended to show how one's life is given a certain shape by the people one meets, and the people through whom one meets them." It is an impressive nexus. Sir Alan Herbert led Mr. Sieveking on to E. V. Lucas, Mark Hambourg, Sir John Squire and the Courtaulds; April Quilter introduced him to Humbert Wolfe, Mr. Stephen Potter and Mr. Val Gielgud. Perhaps I am wrong to find the idea of cold-bloodedly sitting down to chart one's acquaintance—some of these people, as Mr. Sieveking admits, he has only seen for a few moments in his life—unappealing. The truth is that the writer has been in the wake of too many grand parties and this inevitably leads to a prosy, rattling and unoriginal view of life.

Mr. Sieveking has failed—possibly as a result of his long years at the BBC treadmill—to get his people in the right scale of vision. They are either on top of the camera or microscopically far away. Before he writes his next book, he would do well to study Mr. Beverley Nichols's *Are they the Same at Home?* and *All I Could Never Be*. I hold no brief for Mr. Nichols when he is among the first snowdrops of the year, but at this kind of journalism he has long been unsurpassed.

JOHN RAYMOND

An Niseag

More Than a Legend. By CONSTANCE WHYTE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 21*s.*

In the 1930s, road improvements led to a great increase in motor traffic by the twenty-four-mile-long, 150-foot-deep Loch Ness. There followed publication of a number of reports of the presence of a "monster" in the lake. A few of these reports were hoaxes, and there was much of the usual press distortion and poppycock, but many accounts seemed to be honest, and to have been made by reliable witnesses; there is said to have been already a local tradition, of long standing, of the presence of some vast creature. Mrs. Whyte, a doctor who lives by the loch, now gives us the case for believing in "Nessie."

Mrs. Whyte's account (with photographs) assumes the existence of the beast from the start: her witnesses are referred to always as having "seen the monster"; she alludes to, but does not seriously discuss, alternative explanations of what was seen; she is in fact advocate rather than judge. Nevertheless, if we accept only half of her evidence as reliable (I have tested none of it), she has a formidable case. One surprising

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thing is that so little has been done about it. There was one apparently well-organised and seemingly successful attempt, by a team of (unqualified) observers, to observe and to photograph the animal; but too many reactions have taken the form either of dogmatic disbelief (rashly adopted by one or two so-called scientific authorities), or of sensationalism; and some people, especially those living near the loch, have been reluctant to admit having seen *an Niseag*, for fear of contumely.

It has been indignantly denied that the monster has anything to do with the Scots' desire to attract tourists, but if the Scottish Tourist Board is not yet taking advantage of the publicity given to the monster, they are showing sad lack of enterprise. I urge them, indeed, to take organised action. They should arrange to finance an expedition of biologists, geologists and others to investigate Loch Ness. There is plenty of talent in the Scottish universities. Undergraduates, suitably paid, could assist during the long vacation, instead of conducting tramcars. This would be a suitable undertaking as part of the celebrations, in 1959, of the centenary of Darwin's *On the Origin of Species*. The hypothesis is that there is a large, hitherto unnamed, species of vertebrate inhabiting the loch (and conceivably also other lochs). Even if the expedition failed to substantiate Nessie's existence, much of scientific interest would undoubtedly be found.

ANTHONY BARNETT

Gramophone Records

IT is curious that Debussy's early String Quartet should remain so overshadowed by his later music, for it is an impressive work. Nixa has, however, recently issued an exceptionally persuasive account of it by the Curtis Quartet that should serve to draw attention both to the work itself and to a remarkably fine American ensemble, which, so far as I am aware, here appears on disc for the first time. Their performance has everything you could wish for: extraordinary lucidity between the parts, admirable balance, phrasing that is at once sensitive and strong, and rhythms that are alert and pointed, yet never exaggerated. These same virtues are also present in their performance of the Ravel String Quartet on the same disc. In spite of a slightly dry recording and some coarseness in the bass in the last movement of the Debussy, this seems to me a most attractive buy.

Monique Haas's performance on a well-recorded DGG disc of both books of Debussy's *Etudes* is by any standards admirable. She plays with remarkable dexterity, her textures are extremely lucid and she shows a fine rhythmic grasp of the music. Unfortunately for her she is up against Gieseking's superb performance on an excellent Columbia disc. Where Miss Haas offers admirable playing, Gieseking offers profound insight into what is probably the finest keyboard music of this century. Technically he is more than a match for her, while his feeling for the ebb and flow of these twelve pieces is uncanny. Miss Haas's interpretation is certainly not superficial, but heard against Gieseking's it makes that impression, although it must be said that in " Pour les accords " she achieves a lightness that evades him. In the face of such performances Albert Ferber on an ill-recorded Ducretet-Thomson is a non-runner.

Decca has recently been reissuing some of its earlier pressings in the shape of ten-inch MP discs. These are good value for money if you do not want the latest things and are not upset by the rather thin and fizzy string tone characteristic of earlier Decca issues. A good example is an exquisitely poetical account by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra of Debussy's *Nocturnes*. Its only musical drawback is some rhythmic looseness in the brass at the climax of " Fêtes." There is no looseness of any sort, however, in a fabulous performance by Munch and the Boston Orchestra of the complete score of Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloe*. The sheer virtuosity of the playing is almost overwhelming in a really excellent HMV recording, but it would be quite wrong to suppose that this orchestra has nothing but virtuosity to offer, for the performance is sensitive and delicate as well as sumptuous and exciting, and in detail is as fine as it is in the whole. The phrasing of the flautists and the rhythmic precision of the choral singing are only two particular pleasures among many. I cannot imagine that this issue will readily be bettered.

Ravel's Piano Concerto in G is available in two new performances: on Vox by Vlado Perlemuter and the Colonne Orchestra under Horenstein, coupled with the *Concerto pour la main gauche;* and on DGG by Monique Haas and the Hamburg Radio Orchestra under Schmidt-Isserstedt, coupled with Stravinsky's *Capriccio* for piano and orchestra. In most cases choice will depend on the coupling. My own preference goes to Haas and Schmidt-Isserstedt, for both piano and orchestra achieve a more soufflé-like texture, are rhythmically more alert and better recorded. They give an equally good account of the enchanting *Capriccio* that sharply challenges, but is perhaps slightly less well balanced and recorded than, Ansermet's version on Decca. In the left-hand Concerto, Perlemuter plays well, but the piano tone is rather forward and synthetic and the woodwind is too far back. Its failure to make itself properly felt is one reason why the orchestral timbre seems a bit heavy and lacking in Ravel's characteristic refinement. But the disc is good value, for it also contains the " Pavane " and " Menuet Antique" played by Perlemuter.

Decca has issued on an excellently recorded disc both the Third and Fourth Symphonies of Roussel. The performances by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra are remarkable for their cool elegance, while the orchestral texture is so finely realised that there is a complete and welcome absence of those rather harsh, thin sounds that so many conductors find in these scores. On a DGG disc the Loewenguth Quartet has recorded a very competent if rather over-dry performance of Roussel's spiky Quartet in D. The recording is good, but the leader's tone is excessively wiry and ungenerous even for this work. On the same disc is a nimble and well-recorded performance of Prokofiev's rather uneven Quartet No. 2 in F major.

Artur Balsam and Joseph Fuchs are both first-rate players, who share a vigorous, masculine style. They give a strong, well-shaped performance of the Franck Violin Sonata, that presses the music onward without doing violence to its lyricism. They are, however, a shade too positive and forceful in the early Fauré Violin Sonata No. 1 in A major, and here Fuchs' playing is less immaculate than in the Franck. A further drawback of this otherwise attractive Brunswick disc is a singularly hard and penetrating recording of the violin, a fault that is particularly marked in the Fauré.

On a ten-inch MP Decca has reissued a crisp and lively performance by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Désormière of Ibert's gay and at times cruelly witty little *Divertissement*. The recording is dry and a bit hard. On a ten-inch Decca LP there is a well-recorded performance of Milhaud's *La Création du Monde* by the Suisse Romande Orchestra conducted by Erede. I cannot quite put my finger on why this does not strike me as entirely persuasive. Perhaps under, for instance, Ansermet the orchestral texture would have been finer and the all-important rhythms at once more fluent and yet tauter. On the other side of this disc Erede gives a refined, lucid and excellently recorded account of Respighi's undistinguished *Fontane di Roma*.

Decca has issued a spacious recording of Honegger's *Le Roi David* by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande Orchestra, who between them almost contrive to disguise the amount of mediocre stuff that there is in this finally not unimpressive score. The soloists, led by Suzanne Danco, are intelligent and competent rather than ingratiating,

but the choral singing of the Jeunes de l'Eglise Nationale Vaudoise is admirably defined. The recording stretches across one-and-a-half discs and on the fourth side there is an absolute winner of a performance of the suite from Stravinsky's *L'Histoire du Soldat*, again conducted, as at the first performance in 1918, by Ansermet. His rhythms may at first seem less fierce and biting than those of other conductors, but they are full of subtle shades that go for nothing in less skilled hands. The violinist and percussion players are outstandingly good and so is the recording.

Pierre Monteux does for Massenet's *Manon* what Toscanini does for, say, *Rigoletto*. The performance that he gives with the Opéra Comique on four excellently recorded HMV discs glows with life, grace and freshness. Yet the music is in no way rushed or hotted up, and no violence is done to its sentiment. Henri Legay, who is the Des Grieux, hasn't a very seductive or romantic voice, but he has style and he sings with, rather than against, his words. This is just what Victoria de los Angeles fails to do as Manon. She sings gloriously, and her control of line and tone in, for instance, " A nous les amours " is extremely beautiful. But the words, always so particularly important in the French operatic tradition, don't always seem to mean much to her, and it is, I think, from this weakness, rather than from any lack of musical sensibility, that all the facets of Manon's fascinating character do not quite stand out as they should.

London International has issued a two-disc recording of Planquette's operetta *Les Cloches de Corneville*. The music is gay and enchanting, and the performance is well enough sung. But there is also a good deal of animated chatter and this is one of those cases where I should personally prefer one disc's-worth of musical selections without the talk, such as Ducretet Thomson have issued of *Ciboulette*. Hahn's music tempers the gaiety of Offenbach with the sentiment of Gounod and adds a little spice (as well as admirable craftsmanship) that is all his own. The result is entirely beguiling. The singing is lively, if not remarkable, and the performance certainly has great verve.

French nineteenth-century opera tends to get a sniffy reception in this country. But Gérard Souzay has made a well-chosen selection of airs, almost entirely of this period, and sings them in a manner calculated to undermine the sternest upholder of the English choral tradition. The legend from Massenet's *Le Jongleur de Notre Dame* (his second best opera?) is particularly endearing, and his performance of " Even the bravest heart may swell " makes you realise how much there is to be said for Gounod—when he is not sung by a sea-shanty baritone. Both accompaniment and Decca recording are on a high level. For those who wish to delve further into French operatic history, there is a Oiseau Lyre disc containing airs from operas of a period stretching from Lully to Rameau. The recording is a bit constricted, and although Ettel Sussman sings competently, her voice sounds rather pinched and under-nourished. But I suspect that her failure to avoid monotony, as Souzay so skilfully does, is partly due to the fact that this is rather a dull stretch of operatic country.

Unesco, in its wisdom, has issued through Ducretet Thomson two discs of *musique concrète*. No doubt these contrivances have their place in radio drama, and they proved a greater success with a turbulent god-child than *My Fair Lady*. But on the whole it is just as funny to play your LP discs backwards at SP speed.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

No. 1,426

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for a summing-up, in four, six or eight lines of epigrammatic verse, of the first half of 1957. Entries by July 9.

Result of No. 1,423

Set by Maurice Cassel

A pidgin English dictionary is reported to be in preparation. Competitors are invited to supply definitions in primitive or simplified English for any six of: comprehensive school, block vote, The Secret Service, 3-D, gala performance, City banquet, Glyndebourne, surtax, wage freeze.

Report

An undistinguished *jeu de mots* hardly serves as a definition. Not in the *Concise N.S. Dictionary of Pidgin English*, anyway. Nor is a coldly objective statement in Reading Primer syllables really adequate. Contributors to this work should be—or appear to be—unsophisticated, unpatronising, with an air of happy simplicity. Many reputable competitors came badly unstuck. The genuine article was sent from Uganda:

3D. Be like so:—if you go cinema, see some football, if dey kick the ball you think he go hit your head, and if you see some fat woman it show you how she be fat. (If you no know " cinema," you be bush-boy proper.)

BLOCK VOTE. If there go be some meeting and many men go come speak for their brothers, and they go count one-one-one the men that want go do some thing, if one man he got many brothers, they say he be many men sake of his brothers. (Afua.)

An entry which ranged the world, gave:

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL (Gambia). Piccanin Teach-House get Dash Eberyting.

GLYNDEBOURNE (Trinidad). Top-side Boss Calypso in de Bush.

GALA PERFORMANCE (Accra). Queen bring Fella belong—She Sit Down Big Show. (Leo Spero)

Other suggestions included:

3D. Like see in water come thick. (R. A. McKenzie)

SECRET SERVICE. Good spies. (Vera Telfer)

BLOCK VOTE. We-say for You-say, for save time. (R. A. Peacock)

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL. Place catchee all-round know. (Rhoda Tuck Pook)

WAGE FREEZE. Wages long time no up no down. (Allan M. Laing)

Trusting that all the rigours of pidgin syntax and vocabulary have been observed, I recommend three guineas for Desmond Skirrow, and two for J. A. Lindon; and a consolation guinea to Afua.

SURTAX. You work you payum. You work hard you payum payum. You work too hard you payum payum payum. Him not good. (You lookum PERSECUTION).

CITY BANQUET. Much meat wine him sour. Big fella Cullum him quack quack. Big fella ten time him quack quack quack. Plenty candle plenty ricksha. Him sleepy time juju.

WAGE FREEZE. Fella him work say you pay more. Big fella him pay see big fella him once work say we no pay more. Fella him work say O.K.

SECRET SERVICE. Him man round corner gettum bomb. Stoppum gettum bomb. Gettum man make bomb. Stoppum gettum man make bomb. Him hide face.

3D. Him people on wall look real not feel real. You duck quick him not real haha.

GLYNDEBOURNE. Big fella fat missus him singum story. You march longtime. Him singum story singum story. You sleep longtime longtime.

DESMOND SKIRROW

WAGE FREEZE. You work allee same you no get more him buy less.

BLOCK VOTE. All feller 'gree save time make trouble.

SECRET SERVICE. Group feller allee same frog feller no see no talk turn up found.

GLYNDEBOURNE. Big-shot sing-place feller price allee same feller shirt.

COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL. School allee same wash-tog pidgin do all sort.

CITY BANQUET. Place mock-turtle soup him real.

J. A. LINDON

City Lights

Forsytes à la Mode

The City is gradually becoming infected with the gloom which hangs over the gilt-edged market. Nobody is buying gilts, nobody even thinks of buying them: prices keep slipping to a new lowest level ever, and the government—some half-remembered tag about supply-and-demand wriggling at the back of its mind—refuses to interfere with the course of nature. Everyone is busy expounding to everyone else the old case against gilts—that the institutions learnt from Dr. Dalton what a dangerously speculative market it is, that the private investor (even when he retains a vestigial interest in taxable income) has learnt the folly of putting his capital into stocks whose fixed return is too small even to keep up with the fall in the value of money.

The City has recovered before from these disturbing glimpses of institutions without their clothes on. But this time, when everyone is trying to outdo his neighbour in describing what a shocking old fraud the lady is, it will be difficult for the gilt-edged market to recover its dignity. It has become obvious, for example, what a very large part of the market's business is wrapped up with tax-avoidance—bond-washing in particular, a device by which surtax-payers lend

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their stock over dividend date to institutional investors, who pay little or no tax and take their income as capital gain. The Revenue does not like arrangements of this kind; it winks at many of them in practice because the market might otherwise be forced to close down. One newspaper has suggested that three-quarters of all business in the gilt-edged market is "dealing in interest"—a fact, if it is a fact, which helps to explain why prices have not fallen much further.

* * *

The freeze on steel dividends seems definitely to have ended. Several interim payments have already been increased; United Steel has now announced that it means to push up its year's dividend, after a scrip issue, from the equivalent of 8½ to 10 per cent. Steel dividends generally are very low in relation to profits, and until recently there seemed little reason for expecting an increase—a fact, coupled with fears of re-nationalisation, which kept share prices well down. There seems to have been several reasons for the general change in policy. First, the steel companies learnt at the time of the latest price review that they would not be permitted to raise prices sufficiently to meet the whole cost of expansion out of current profits. Second, the supply of fixed-interest capital began to dry up and several companies realised that they were already overweighted with prior charges. Third, the terms of the Steel of Wales issue convinced the steel boards that it was possible to raise new equity capital if shareholders were given a spot of inexpensive encouragement. So dividends are going up a little, and no doubt there will be further issues before long.

* * *

The scheme which the Rhodesian Selection Trust Group is introducing to encourage its black and white workers to buy shares should do its job. To be eligible for it—3,500 Europeans and 500 Africans will be eligible at once—a worker must earn over £200 a year: he can then contribute up to 10 per cent. of his salary each month up to a limit of £25. The company will then add half of what he has contributed, and the trustees of the scheme will buy shares in one of the group companies through the market. Shares the worker has bought with his own money he will be free to withdraw and sell when he pleases: those bought with the company's money he can withdraw—though he gets his dividends—only after they have been in his account for a certain length of time. When he does claim his shares, the company will pay him in cash any fall in the market price since he first paid for them. When R.S.T. is quixotic, it does it thoroughly.

"The year which has just ended," said the chairman of Boots, "was a difficult one." So it was, no doubt. But Boots' sales rose by over 8 per cent., its profit margins widened in spite of rising costs, its profits rose, its employees got a prosperity bonus and its shareholders a higher dividend. The company contrived to cut down on stocks in spite of its higher turnover, and out of its own resources it managed both to spend £2½m. on expansion and to turn a £300,000 overdraft into a cash balance of £760,000.

That was the difficult year. "The coming year," said the chairman of Boots, "looks much brighter."

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 398. The Famous Duke of York

To see that Black Queen—and who would gainsay her being the equivalent of a mere ten thousand men?—to see her marched up the hill from B3 via B4 to Kt5 and marched down again the same laborious route, is merely one of various amusing aspects in this thrilling game (Veitch-Green) played in the recent semi-final of the National Club Championship.

(1) P-QB4, Kt-KB3; (2) Kt-QB3, P-K3; (3) P-K4, P-Q4; (4) P-K5, P-Q5; (5) P x Kt, P x Kt; (6) KtP x P; Q x P; (7) P-Q4, P-B4; (8) Kt-KB3, P-KR3; (9) P-KR4, P-QKt3; (10) B-Kt5, Q-B4; (11) B-Q3, Q-Kt5; (12) B-K3, P x P; (13) P x P, B-Kt2; (14) B-K2, B-Kt5 ch; (15) K-B1, Kt-Q2; (16) P-Q5, P x P (17) Kt-Kt5, Q-B4; (18) B-Kt4, Q-B3; (19) B-Q4, Q-B3; (20) B x P, R-KKt1; (21) Q-K2 ch, B-K2; (22) P x P, Q-R5; (23) B x Kt ch, K x B; (24) Kt x P, B-R3; (25) Kt-K5 ch, K-Q1; (26) Kt-Q3, R x B; (27) R-R3, Q-KKt5; (28) Q x Q, R x Q; (29) K-Kt1, R x P; (30) P-Q6.

Here, instead of simply swapping two pieces and remaining a piece up Green suffered one of those incredible lapses of "chess blindness," playing . . . B x P and thereby throwing away a R and the game.

Another amusing scuffle—Braun-Scrimgeour—was sent in by Bruce Hayden. The game was played a few weeks ago in the annual match between the London Stock Exchange and the Amsterdam Bourse (Sterling beating Guilder by the narrow margin of 8½—7½).

(1) P-K4, P-QB4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) P-Q4, P x P; (4) Kt x P, Kt-B3; (5) Kt-QB3, P-Q3; (6) B-K2, P-KKt3; (7) B-K3, B-Kt2; (8) O-O, O-O; (9) K-R1, P-QR3; (10) P-B4, Q-B2, (11) P-KKt4, Kt x KtP; (12) B x Kt, B x B; (13) Q x B, B x Kt; (14) Kt-Q5, Q-Q1; (15) B x B, Kt x B; (16) P-B5, P-K3; (17) P-B6, P x Kt; (18) Q-Kt5, P x P; (19) Q-R6, Kt-K3; (20) R-B4, P-KKt4; (21) R-KKt1, Q-R4; (22) R-R4, Q-KB4; (23) R x P ch!

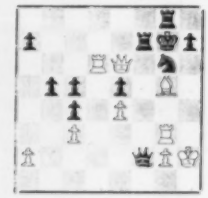
My third chessbook token this "Readers' Own" week goes to H. Heemsoth of Bremen, a recent competitor at Hastings and, incidentally, one of the strongest correspondence players in Europe. Here's a position he achieved against Salm (Australia) in a recent match-game. /4qr1k/6ktp/3Rb3/6Q1/r3B2Kt/6PP/7K/2R5/. White forced the win in a combination 20 moves deep.

(1) Kt-Kt6 ch, P x Kt; (2) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt1; (3) B x P, R-R7 ch; (4) K-Kt1, KR-B7; (5) Q-R7 ch, K-B1; (6) Q-R8 ch, B-Kt1; (7) B x Q, R-Kt7 ch; (8) K-B1, QR-B7 ch; (9) K-K1, R-K7 ch; (10) K-Q1, QR-KB7.

Now White has to cope with two mating-threats while, at the same time bringing his own attack to the boil.

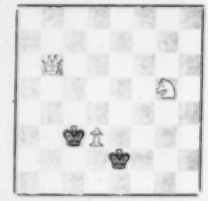
(11) R-B6 ch, R x R; (12) B-Kt5, R-Kt8 ch; (13) K-B2, R x P; (14) B-B4, Kt-K1; (15) R-K1!, R-B7 ch; (16) K-Kt1, Kt-B3; (17) Q-R6 ch, R-Kt2; (18) R-Kt1 and here Black resigned since . . . Kt-K1 is not good enough against (19) R x R, Kt x R; (20) Q-Q6 ch.

A: Vitkovsky 1953

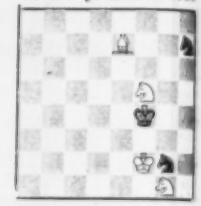


The 4-pointer for beginners a game-position, should be easy enough with the helpful hint that this pretty mate in 4 involves two double-checks. **B** (for 6 points) is an old joke to please our much neglected problem addicts. Evidently a mis-print as one of the Kings ought to be White. But there's a mate in 3 either way. **C**, a win for White, is a new piece by a Prague author now resident in Newcastle. It may be a bargain for 7 ladder-points with the hint that it is remindful of a famous Gorgiev study published in this column 3 years ago. Usual prizes. Entries by July 8.

B: Sam Loyd 1887



C: Dr. J. Glaser 1957



REPORT on No. 395. Set June 8

A: (1) B-Kt5 ch, K-Q2; (2) P x B ch, P. x P; (3) R x P ch, Q x R; (4) Kt-K5 ch, B x Kt; (5) Kt x B ch, Q x Kt; (6) B x Kt ch, Q x B ch; (7) Q x Q mate.

B: (1) P-QB4, P-Q4; (2) P x P, Q x P; (3) Q-B2, Q x KtP; (4) Q x BP, Q x Kt; (5) Q x KtP, Q x RP; (6) Q x Kt, Q-K4; (7) Q x B ch, R x Q; (8) R x P, Q x KtP; (9) R x R, Q x RP; (10) R x Kt, Q x P ch; (11) K x Q, R x B; (12) R x P, R x Kt; (13) R x P, R x B; (14) R x B ch, K x R; (15) R x P, R x P; (16) R x P, R x P ch etc.

C: *Key*: Q-K1; if . . . P x B(B); (2) K x P stalemate. If . . . P x B(Q); (2) K x P, Q x Q mate. If . . . P x B(Kt); (2) Q-B2 ch, etc. (sui-stalemate). If . . . P x B (R); (2) Q x P mate. If . . . P-Kt7; (2) B x KP mate.

D: (1) Q-R3, K-Kt1; (2) K-Kt4, K-R1; (3) K-B4; (4) K-Q4; (5) K-K5; (6) K-Q6; (7) K-Q7; (8) Q-QR3!; (9) K-B7, P-R4; (10) P-Kt3 P-R5; (11) K-Q7, K-Kt1; (12) P x P; (13) Q-KR3; (14) K-Q6; (15) K-K5; (16) K-Q4; (17) K-B4; (18) K-Kt4 (19) K-R5; (20) Q-R2 ch, K any; (21) R x P B x R mate.

E: (1) K-R6, B-B4; (2) B x P! B x P; (3) B-Kt8!, B-B4; (4) B x P, B-R2; (5) B-Kt8, B-B4; (6) B-Kt3, B-R2; (7) B-B2, P-Kt6; (8) B-Kt1!, P-Kt7; (9) B-B2, P - Q; (10) B x Q, P-Q6; (11) B x B, P-Q7; (12) Kt-Kt6 mate.

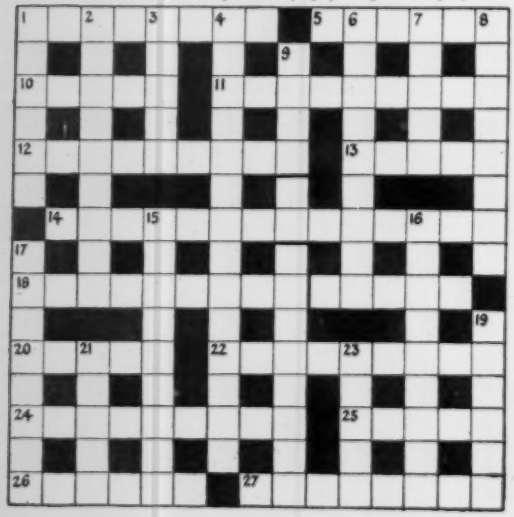
F: (1) P-R7, Q-Kt7 ch; (2) K-R1, Q-R8; (3) P-R8(Q), Q x Q; (4) K x P ch, K-B7; (5) R-B7 ch, K-Kt6; (6) R-QR7!, Kt x R; (7) P-Kt7! etc.

With a few points dropped here and there most competitors got over 30. Prizes shared by R. C. Chaturvedi, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Roycroft.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 257

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 257, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on July 9.



ACROSS

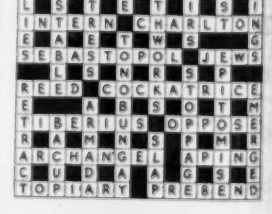
1. The county includes space for these apartments (8).
5. Specifies conditions (6).
10. Africans with first-class degrees? (5).
11. The fog makes one look intently around like a press (9).
12. Creature she will try to catch (9).
13. Rush for the modest who have lost their heads (5).
14. Poet's mother-in-law finished with a mason's skill? (14).
18. Preserve from one of twelve a fruit and another kind of fish (9, 5).
20. People with their flag to the fore (5).
22. A lover of luxury, I finally provide a remedy in the dispersal of pain (9).
24. Replace a great tennis player, by the sound of it (9).
25. Peerless composer? On the contrary! (5).
26. Cold food for a boy in a German organisation (6).
27. It enables one to see there is agreement among the crew (8).

DOWN

1. Stupefy a worker perhaps about music (6).
2. Sade perhaps embraces the devil for her (9).
3. College window (5).
4. The devil discovers me on a wrecked ship and goes head over heels perhaps (14).
6. "For there was never yet philosopher That could endure the ——— patiently" (9).
7. Acts as secretary or models (5).
8. Presents in animal form (8).
9. No payment in advance for maternity benefit? (4, 2, 8).
15. The metal is thereabouts beaten (9).
16. Not missing anything although the lee signal is not straightforward (9).
17. Look up about short cuts in times of darkness (8).
19. "He is ——— dubbed with unhatched rapier" (*Twelfth Night*) (6).
21. Drive the sovereign without air rising (5).
23. Presses for massacres if beheaded (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 255



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 255

Sonia Daitz (New York 28), Miss E. M. Kidner (Chalfont St. Giles), D. B. Binns (Newcastle, Staffs).

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

5s. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 2s. extra. Semi-display £4 per single column inch. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Late latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

JOHNSON'S WAX PRODUCTS
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Require:
ASSISTANT TO CHIEF CHEMIST

Must be qualified chemist (male, under 35 years) for research and development work. Personality and initiative are primary requirements and the successful applicant would, after a period of training, assume executive and management liaison duties. Opportunities for occasional visits to the Continent. This is an important position in a progressive and expanding Company, operating pension and profit sharing schemes. Send full details of age, education, experience and present salary to Personnel Manager.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Russian Monitors at Caversham near Reading. No vacancies now, but selected candidates will be placed on Reserve List for consideration when vacancies arise. Duties entail listening to and reporting on news and other broadcasts in Russian from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Russian and good command of English, perfect hearing, ability to type and sound knowledge of world affairs essential. Knowledge of other languages an advantage. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Salary £790 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,025 p.a. max. Prospects of promotion to scale £930 to £1,190 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (encl. addressed env. & quoting ref. G.246 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BRITISH Institute of Management invites applications for the following senior appointment. OD (4) Manager of the Information and Library Department. The person holding this post is responsible for supervising a large and growing library and information service for maintaining contact with a wide variety of subscribers in a body of national importance for advising upon all questions concerning the collection, processing, and classifying of information; the preparation of information summaries, and other material for publication. The Manager is also responsible for liaison with other information services both in this country and overseas. Applicants, either men or women, should be not less than 30 years of age and must have had previous experience in a senior post of this nature. A university degree is desirable but not essential. The commencing salary will be in the range of £1,100 to £1,500. This post provides an exceptional opportunity for personal development and a widening of interests. In view of the nature of the task a good personality drive and initiative are called for. Applications should be addressed to Director, British Institute of Management, 80 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4, marked with the appropriate reference number.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in The Philosophy and Psychology of Religion. The salary scale is at present under review, and is expected to be on the range of £700 to £850 per annum. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than July 8, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

CO-OPERATIVE College, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics. Principal: R. L. Marshall, O.B.E., M.A. This College for long-term residential courses for adults in management, secretaryship and social studies requires two Tutors in Social Studies. Each to teach a selection from the general range of economics and trade unionism; and to be responsible immediately or in due course for some subject within the history and organisation of the Co-operative Movement. Each tutor appointed will be expected to undertake research in a Co-operative field, for which facilities will be provided and for which any necessary adjustment of teaching duties will be made. Duties may also include preparation and marking of correspondence courses, and short residential schools. Salary based on Burnham Technical Scale (for graduates) Grade "A" or "B," i.e., a basic of £550×£25 to £975 or £725×£25 to £1,100; scale and commencing salary in accordance with experience and qualifications. Accomm. may be available if required. Appl. forms obtainable from the College must be returned not later than July 5, 1957.

WANTED, September or sooner. Resident woman to take charge of 5 to 8-year-olds in small progressive day and boarding school, within 15 miles of London. Experience necessary but warm personality and genuine love of children more important than high qualifications. Salary reasonable but less than Burnham. Box 3159.

WANTED September interested, experienced teacher for science and general subjects and/or music in co-ed boarding school. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. reqs. Senior Sub-Editors with sound sub-editorial training and ability to do good all-round work including handling important news accurately and quickly. Salary £1,205 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,535 p.a. max. Sub-Editors with sound journalistic experience and ability accurately to condense news of all kinds for use in B.B.C. news periods. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Work in both posts entails day and night shift duty and is concerned with Sound Broadcasting. Possibility of later transfer to Television News as vacancies arise. Please indicate post applied for. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.250 U.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Psychology. Preference will be given to a candidate with previous experience of university lecturing in general experimental psychology. Good facilities for research in experimental, clinical and educational psychology are available in the department, and the University has its own Child Guidance Clinic under the direction of a senior member of the staff. The salary scale is £850×£50—£1,200 p.a. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, experience, qualifications and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and further information about the work of the department should be obtained), not later than July 20, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg, South Africa. Applications are invited for appointment to the newly established second Chair of Education on the staff of the Department of Education. The Professor will be responsible to the Head of the Department of Education for teaching and research supervision in respect of candidates for the B.Ed., M.Ed., and Ph.D., degrees. Special interest and research in the field of Educational Psychology and related subjects will be a recommendation. The salary attached to the post will be according to the scale £1,700×£50—£2,000. In addition a married man will be paid a temporary cost of living allowance which at present is £234 per annum. Membership of the University Institutions' Provident Fund is compulsory and involves a contribution at the rate of 7% of the salary. Membership of the Staff Medical Aid Fund is obligatory in the case of an officer who is found eligible for membership in terms of the rules of the Fund. Applicants are advised to obtain a copy of the Information Sheet relating to this vacancy, from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on July 20, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the following positions: (a) Senior Lecturer in English with salary £A1850/£A2150 per annum. The appointee will be expected to work in the general field of post-medieval English Literature at both Pass and Honours levels. Specialist qualifications in seventeenth and/or eighteenth century literature are especially desirable, but the appointment will not necessarily go to an applicant holding these qualifications. (b) Lecturer in English with salary £A1,300/£A1,750 per annum. Preference will be given to candidates possessing special qualifications in the fields of English Language, early English Literature and general Germanic Philology. The teaching duties of the successful candidate will not necessarily be confined to these fields. Further particulars are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on July 20, 1957.

NORMAN House requires young, single, prospective or experienced social worker (male) as Resident Assistant to Warden in work with discharged prisoners in North London; consideration given to applicants seeking short-term appointment; salary according to qualifications. Box 3574.

WORLD University Service. British Committee invites applications for post of General Secretary, commencing August. Graduate 25-40 preferred. Position requires initiative, organising ability, experience of committee work, office routine, public speaking. Some travel. Present salary range £600-£800, according to experience. For job description apply General Secretary, W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1, to whom applications should be sent with minimum delay and not later than July 15.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Part-time Psychotherapist reqd. at Hornsey Child Guidance Centre, The Priory, Priory Rd., N.8, for 6 sessions p.w. Honours degree in Psychology with recognised training, and/or equivalent experience in Child Psychotherapy. Payment: £2 10s. p. 3-hr. session. Application forms from Chief Education Officer, 10, Great George St., Westminster, S.W.1, returnable by July 12. (Quote V.398/NS.)

BRITISH Film Institute requires Secretary to Director mid-July; experience and initiative essential. Salary £450-£615, according age and qualifications. Apply by letter to Secretary to Director, British Film Institute, 164 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.

HISTORY &/or Geography Grad. wanted in London Co-ed. School (Recognised, full Burnham Superannuation). Box 3637.

INTERNATIONAL Federation of University Women invites applications for temporary post as research assistant; graduate preferred, French essential. Details from Secretary, I.F.U.W., 1 Sedding Street, S.W.1.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for a Research post in Social Statistics, for a period of one year from October 1, 1957, carrying the status of either Temporary Lecturer or Temporary Assistant Lecturer in the University. The salary scales are at present under review, and are expected to be as follows: Temporary Lecturer, £900 to £1,350 per annum; Temporary Assistant Lecturer, £700 to £850 per annum. The initial salary will be according to qualifications and experience. Membership of Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than July 8, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SOCIAL workers required as Temporary Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work in the Public Health Department of the London County Council. Possibility of permanent appointment later. Duties concerned with social work in connection with the school health service, including recruitment and training of voluntary workers. Social science qualifications desirable but candidates should have had experience in practical social work. Salary £528 (at age 24) —£705. Application forms and details obtainable from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1207), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by July 10.

KINDERGARTEN Assistant wanted to help with sm. group children 3-6 yrs. in charge of Froebel-trained teacher. Box 2789.

RUNTON Hill School, Norfolk. (Recognised Independent School 80-90 boarders. Burnham Scale. Superannuation.) Required in September: (1) Graduate Housemistress for House of 35-40 girls aged 12-18. Subject preferred one of the following: Geography, Science, Mathematics, English; (2) Graduate to teach History throughout school to University Entrance; (3) Graduate to teach General Science and Biology. Applics. to Headmistress, Runton Hill, West Runton, Norfolk.

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council—Health Department. Appointment of Social Worker. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker on the staff of the County Medical Officer for work with problem families. The possession of an academic qualification in social science is desirable but not essential. Experience of family case-work or other forms of social work is necessary and the person appointed will be selected for his or her personal qualities and approach to the work rather than on academic qualifications. Salary on A.P.T. Grades I/II, of the National Joint Council for Local Authorities' Staffs viz.—£543 5s. to £691 17s. 6d. Commencing salary according to experience. Travelling allowances on Council's Scale. Possession of a car desirable. Loan facils. available. Applns. (on forms obtainable from County Medical Officer, Health Dept., Phoenix Chambers, High Street, Bedford) should be submitted as soon as possible.

A WELFARE Officer, with recent practical experience, is required for social work in the Public Health Department, in connection, primarily, with the prevention of venereal disease. The duties involve attendance at V.D. clinics, including one held at one of H.M. Prisons. The possession of a social science qualification would be an advantage. Inclusive salary £528 (at age 24)-£705. Further details and application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1124), London County Council, The County Hall, London, S.E.1. Closing date for applications July 8.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee. Interesting and unusual residential posts available in home for psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, 20 miles from Central London: Night House Mother, capable, motherly Woman required. Responsible post, but not hard work. House Mothers (2), one S.R.N., and the other to relieve Matron. Candidates must have had good experience in residential work with children. Junior Assistant House Mother. No previous experience necessary, but candidates must have keen interest in child welfare. Holiday arrangements honoured. Applications to Secretary, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts.

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America in the world today

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

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THE OBSERVER

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Senior Psychiatric Social Worker required to lead team of four psychiatric social workers dealing with the domiciliary care and after-care of persons suffering from psychiatric illness, an interesting and expanding field of psychiatric social work. Whitley Council salary scale. Candidates should have not less than four years' experience since qualification. Particulars and applic. form, returnable by July 8, from the Medical Officer of Health (Ph/D.1/1144), The County Hall, London, S.E.1.

POST-Graduate or Certificate Student, Social Studies, offered family casework experience with highly qualified supervision in Grade A Voluntary Agency. Maintenance Grant. Successful candidate will be appointed for one year, but period might be extended. Particulars to the General Secretary, Sheffield Council of Social Service, 78-80 Surrey Street, Sheffield 1.

COVENTRY Children's Department requires Child Care Officer (Female). Salary A.P.T.I.—II according to qualifications and experience, plus Local Award in certain circumstances. Further promotion to A.P.T. III according to capabilities. Social Science Diploma or Home Office Certificate, and current Driving Licence essential. Details and application forms to Children's Officer, New Council Offices, Coventry.

SOCIAL Worker, trained, full-time, required by voluntary organisation concerned with welfare conditions amongst elderly people in Edinburgh. Scope for initiative in meeting a contemporary challenge. Preferably over 30 years of age. Salary £400. Apply before July 31, stating qualifications, to Box 557, Robertson & Scott, 42 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.

ASSISTANT Warden required for Chatfield House, Whetstone, London, an Approved Probation Hostel for 18 boys, aged 15 and under 18. Appointment provides experience of welfare work with difficult boys. Interest in craft work an advantage. Salary scale £440 15s. by four annual increments to £507 7s. 6d. with repayment of £115 16s. for full board and accommodation. Local Government Superannuation Scheme. Applications with names and addresses of three referees to Gen. Secy., London Police Court Mission, 2 Hobart Place, London, S.W.1.

MALADJUSTED Children. Yng. man reqd. at small residential school to take part in and share supervision of out of school activities. Exacting but interesting work in congenial atmosphere. £295 15s. p.a., plus board & lodging & 5 weeks holiday p.a. W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

MALADJUSTED Children. Assistant Housemother (one of three) required at small residential school. £200 p.a., plus board & lodging. 5 weeks hol. p.a. Apply W. David Wills, Bodenham Manor, Hereford.

PART-time trained social worker wanted for club and home visiting with E.S.N. children in S.W. London. Apply 133 Holland Park Ave., W.11.

WARDEN: Residential Settlement with Headquarters in central redevelopment area and two Housing Estate branches. Experience social work, initiative and ability to pioneer and adapt work to changing local conditions essential. Degree and/or Social Science qualifications an advantage. Particulars from University Settlement, Bristol, 5.

CROYDON Boys' Club, Princess Rd. Centre. Further applications invited for post of experienced, determined Leader. Salary £600×£25—£750. Entry to scale on age and experience. Superannuable. Prior applicants reconsidered on request. Apply at once: J. Corby, 57 Park Lane, Croydon.

ANY person young in heart looking for progressive responsible post with group of school-age children, very near London, communicate with Box 3330.

HAMPSTEAD Old Peoples' Welfare require experienced social worker as organising secretary, 10-4, 5 days weekly. Write to 107 Kingsgate Rd., N.W.6, with testimonials by July 3. £7 weekly.

RESIDENTIAL Spastic Centre near London requires housefathers and housemothers; congenial surroundings, full emoluments. Apply Box 3509.

DRAUGHTSMAN wanted, with experience of Sheet Metal Machines or Machine Tool Work. Non-contributory Pension and Assurance Scheme. Write, stating age, experience and salary required. F. J. Edwards, Ltd., 359, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

TWO friends to share cooking/secretarial duties large, friendly house West coast Scotland. Temporary or permanent. Write Mitchison, Carradale, Argyll, or phone CANnonbury 8227. Interview London possible.

SALES Promotion Representative required by British associate company of leading American firm. Age 22-28, prepared to travel extensively British Isles. Selling experience and interest in advertising and sales promotion an advantage. Box 3379.

EXPERIENCED secretary required by West End Fine Art publishers. Efficiency and good speeds essential. Salary according to qualifications. Tel. GER. 4083 for appointment or write Box 3590.

WELL-educated shorthand/typist for Publicity Department Jewish charity. Journalistic bent and ability advantage. Box 3476.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

INTERPRETER/Hostess reqd. for London Exhibition, July 10-20. Fluent French, Spanish & English, and attractive appearance, essential. GER. 9574.

N. KENSINGTON Practice. Doctor's receptionist. 5-8 p.m., Mon., Tues., Thurs., Fri., Sat. £3 p.w. Box 3561.

SHORTHAND-Typist required for Child Guidance Clinic. Salary according to age on Grade A2 scale rising by annual increments to maximum of £515 p.a. plus £30 London Weighting. Applications, stating age, experience and the names of two referees, to the Hospital Secretary, London Jewish Hospital, Stepney Green, E.1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist required for Managing Director of well-known concert agency, 20/25, hours 10 to 5. Alternate Sats. Apply Box 3564.

PUBLISHING. Two vacancies in Publicity Department, London. One, suitable for well-educated girl 18-23, calls for good typewriting and some shorthand. The other involves simple accounting, handling of advertisement proofs, &c. (some knowledge typewriting desirable), and would suit school-leaver either sex. Both jobs offer prospects of advancement in one of the major book publishing houses. Box 3588.

SECRETARY required for expanding charitable organisation. Typing essential. Welfare or personnel experience an advantage. Apply, stating qualifics., to Box 3595.

DOCTOR, N. London, reqs. responsible yng. woman as personal assistant for intg. duties. Some typing. Box 3473.

CLERK/Typist to assist Research Officer. Salary, according to age and experience, on the scale £7 2s. 6d. to £10 11s p.w. Holiday arrangements honoured (18 to 21 days' leave p.a.). Applications to General Secretary, Society of Civil Servants, Palace Chambers, S.W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST requires competent shorthand-typist with secretarial experience, also some experience in social work, either as probation officer, psychiatric social worker or social worker. Good salary for the right applicant. Box 3549.

SH.-TYP. wanted, small office near London Bridge. Congenial atmosphere. Knowledge of German an advantage. HOP. 3647.

EXPERIENCED secretary required for Publicity Director of major American Film Co. in London. Interesting work. Salary commensurate with capabilities. Box 3576.

IRVING Theatre reqs. part-time typist, from 9-2, salary £4. Ring WHI. 8657.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 for 30-hour week: more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

HOLIDAY relief work for shorthand and copy typists, few days a week or longer. Details Cranbourn Agency, 42 Cranbourn St., Leicester Sq. GER. 3249.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AMERICAN gentleman, married, 32, grad. degrees in History & Library Science, 5 yrs. exp. in historical research & archival management, desires employment & additional exp. in Britain, pref. beginning Autumn, 1957. Sal. commensurate with position. Box 3117.

EXPERIENCED secretary/stenographer, 38, seeks non-routine absorbing work London. Willing travel. Box 3274.

OFFERS, suggestions for Arts Grad. (f. 23), 2 years' teaching experience only, interested international goodwill, travel, languages, people. Free September. Box 3498.

URGENT: Young writer requires job bookshop, Central London. Box 3373.

ABLE woman graduate completing research shs. 1 year interesting part-time work. Experience publishing, adult teaching, market research, secretarial, speaks French. Box 3656.

SCHOLAR elect of Trinity Camb. seeks interesting work till Nov. French, German, some Russian. TUD. 1223.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63, Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms., with board, reasonable.

FURN. room. Use of bathroom. Suit yng. lady or gent. 35s. p.w. STA. 8302.

SGLE. 2-rm. flat, own landg., gdn. outlk., elec. kit., c.h.w., lin., prof. hse. 4 per. 3 bus Picc. 15 min. Vic. 3gns. GIP. 3618.

ST. JOHN'S Wood. Avail. August. Mod. flat, cent. posn., sleep 4-5, 2 rec., bath., c.h.w., 'ph., frig. £5 p.w. Box 3506.

ATTRAC. large B/S. rm. in priv. hse. Mod. cons., bookshelves. Gdn. Service. Breakfast. 2 mins. tube & buses. CUN. 3417.

TWO-roomed attractive furn. flat, self-contained, frig., sleep 2. Swiss Cottage, N.W.3, Aug. 10gns. weekly. Box 3472.

DIVAN-room: share kit. & bath with one other, 'phone, etc. Near tube—25 mins. West End, N.11. 35s. per week. Enq.: Williams, COV. 0754.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

NR. Lords; family house, sleep 6. Garden, daily help. Approx. 4 wks. until Sept. 14. 10gns. p.w. Holme, 23 Marlborough Place, N.W.8. MAI. 9929.

FURNISHED bedsitter & kitchen £2 5s., professional lady. S.E.9. Box 3596.

FURNISHED flats, recently converted, contemporary. Own kitchens. 3gns., 4½gns., 6gns. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

OFF Finchley Rd., nr. Hampstead Heath, cheerful sgle., dble. rooms, kitchenette, garden. Permanent/temporary. SWI. 2684.

PLEAS. divan-rm., ckg. facs. Use bath, 'phone. Gent only, 42s. wkly. MAI. 1093.

FURN. accommodation in select home offered to business gentleman. SPE. 4576.

ATTRAC. flatlet newly dec., Wimbledon Pk. Sgle. 50s., dble. 60s. WIM. 9516.

HAMPSTEAD flat 3 weeks from July 28. Suit 2. 15 gns. incl. Box 3488.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 85s. partial board. Applic. forms & information. Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave., N.W.3.

LARGE single room Hampstead £2 10s. including baths, use kit. Box 3653.

CONGENIAL atmosphere, mus./lit. ints. 2 sgl. rms., 47s. 6d., 55s. HAM. 8109.

BLACKHEATH. Furnished flat to let, 3 months, possibly longer, 2 rooms, kitchen, share bath. £3 10s. per wk. LEE 8121.

SIMPLY furn., newly decorated room, Hampstead. Suit lit. minded, actively garden-loving person, rent reduced if occas. car lift for invalid available. Box 3341.

DIVORCEE reeling under double alimony, will share his Kensington flat, 2 rec., 5 bed., 2 bath, electric kitchen, pantry, electric washer, piano, lift, porter, the works, with 2 or 3 pleasant people, 3 to 5gns. a week each. Box 3301.

HENDON. Single div. sit.-rm. Basin, cooker, meter. £2 10s. wk. SUN. 1184.

FLAT, double bedroom, lounge, kitchen, 3 gns. weekly. Light, linen included. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

SGLE. & dble. bed-sit. room, use kit., bath, telephone. GLAdstone 8254.

ENORMOUS serv. rm. 3/4 bds., c.h.w., spotless: 10gns. Nr. Harrods. KNI. 4149.

TWO furnished rooms and kitchen available, 18 months approx. Highgate Central. Suit couple. Rent 47s. 6d. Box 3523.

ROOM to let. £2 15s. incig. light, baths. Suit single woman. PRI. 4398.

MEWS, central, tiny, vacant Aug. 19-Sept. 2. 5gns. p.w. AMB. 0750.

LONDON, nr. Woodside Park Station. Flat with garage. Large kitchen and b.s. room, w.c., use bathroom, large garden. 3½ gns.. Box 3522.

DORCHESTER-on-Thames. Comfortable Caravan. 2 double berths, separate Elsan, private grounds fishing. To let before August 5 or after Sept. 14. Box 3101.

ALDEBURGH. Close sea. Comfortable cottage. Fully equipped except linen. Sleep five. Bath. Available July 20 to Aug. 10 and Aug. 24 onward. Box 3586.

KENT. Delightful quiet country holiday. Caravan accommodating four comfortably. Gas light, cooker, water closet. Situated secluded orchard. Yates, Broad Oaks, Benenden, Cranbrook. Tel. Biddenden 428.

CORNWALL. Overlkg. Michael's Mnt. Garden-flatlet, eqppd. 2. Bath, kitchenette; few mins. sea. Also spacious s/c flat for 5. Both—intervals ex. Aug. Box 3578.

CARAVAN. July, Aug., Sept. 2 persons. Close sea, Suffolk. 4 gns. Box 3650.

FURN. modernised cott. beside West Looe River. Free from Aug. 17. Shallow-pool, nr. Looe, Cornwall. 'Phone Looe 278.

EDINBURGH Fest. Prof. wld. let lge. house. 1 ml. Princes St. Slp. 6. Box 3385.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

JAPANESE Bank Official with wife and two well-behaved children 5 and 3 requires furnished house or flat, easy access City, rent up to 9 guineas. Box 3599.

RELATIVELY sane Canadian Post-Grad. (m.) seeks accom. in flat. Box 3519.

POST-grad. student reqs. small s/c flat nr. Russell Sq. Oct.-June. Box 3496.

MALE desires furnished flatlet with character. N./N.W./W.C. Box 3406.

TCHR. sks. accom. London from July. Space for child (3½ years) to play & grow. N. Sch. by day. Mut. baby-sit., etc. Box 3466.

AMERICAN writer and wife need flat or housekeeping room central London or near underground during July. Webster, Old Rectory, Noke, Oxon.

DOCTOR & Wife, Eng., yng., no children, req. furn. flat. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

BUSINESS Exec. & family urg. req. 2/3-bedr. furn flat. L. A. B., GER. 9050.

COTTAGE. Cornish coast. 2 weeks August to Sept. 3 bedrooms min. Mrs. Driscoll, 4a St. Albans Villas, N.W.5.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

COLOURED stenographer seeks accommodation. Moderate rental. West or South West London. Please reply Stanton, Student Unit, 6-10 Bruton Street, W.1.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

ST. HELIER, Jersey. To let from second week July: Furnished modern house. All mod. con. One mile beach. Sleep 7. Rent according to length of let. Box 3356.

CRICKLEWOOD. S/c 1st floor furn. flat. Dining/Lounge, 2 bedrms., kit., bathrm. etc. 6gns. p.w. Joseph Ely & Partners, 339 Shirland Road, W.9. Tel.: LAD. 6731/2.

COTTAGE in the country wanted, 2 or 3 bdrms. Nr. coast prefd. Pleasant rural surrndgs. important. With or without furniture. Long lease considered. Reply 38 Mowbray Rd., Edgware, Middx.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

SECLUDED but very accessible modernised cottage, 4 miles Gerrards Cross; 4 beds, 2 recep., greenhouse, one acre of orchard and kitchen garden. Box 3367.

ATTR. Cottage Residence, Herefordshire, extensive views, 2 rec., 3 bed., gdn., garage. Webb, 13 Trinity St., Cambridge.

DEVON. Brick Bung. Gas, El. Garage. Bus Bideford-Barnstaple. £2,000. FUL. 5683.

CHARMING thatched cott., beaut. sit. on Berkshire Hills, gd. commun. Reading & Newbury. 3 gd. bedrms., ample cupboards & shelves, 1 large rec., kit., bathrm., w.c., Co.'s el. & water. Attr. gdn. (flower & kit.) with garage. Low rates. Price £4,250 frhld. Ring FLA. 1712 or Woolhampton 425 (wk.-ends) or write Box 3291.

UNDEVEL. possiblts. Picturesque packhorse inn, slpy. Som. town. Wide views. 4 bed. Garage. All cons. £2,000 f'hld. V.P. Hunt, Dunhurst, Petersfield, Hants.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

A LABOUR Government—how soon? That depends largely on the current "Labour Policy Battle," which Palme Dutt examines in the July Labour Monthly. Also: "Workers' Councils in Poland" (W. Gomulka); "Conspiracy Down Under" (Gordon Schaffer), etc. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents. Or 9s. half-yearly from N.S., 134, Ballard's Lane, N.3.

DISARMAMENT 1946-56; Coal Report; Helping Old People. "Labour Research." 9d. (11s p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W.1.

FREDERICK Könekamp's autobiography "Viele Reden, Einer Ruft" direct through publrs., J. J. Zimmer Verlag, Trier.

"THE Humanist" is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, "Living with Reality," and Bertrand Russell's "Faith of a Rationalist," free. R.P.A., 40 Drury Lane, W.C.2.

"THE Linguist," the language monthly for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in seven languages, "Pages for Practice," "Translator's Commentary," articles, book reviews, etc., 17s. yearly. Spec. copy 1s. 3d. from The Linguist (N.S.), 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs. Dickin, 17a Hermitage St., Crewkerne, Somerset.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris. 30a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht. R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

WE buy books. Left emphasis. Van calls. Wanted: Borkenau, Communist Internat'l; Spanish Cockpit. The Hammersmith B'shop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

WE buy runs of academic periodicals and good books on all subjects. Deighton Bell, Booksellers, Cambridge.

FOOD AND DRINK

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. MUSeum 8141. Open till 10 p.m.

GREAT Wall Chinese Restaurant, 33 Oxford St., W.1 GERrard 4713, for the best Chinese food in London. Parties catered for in our Dragon Gate Banqueting Room. Exquisite Chinese handicrafts, brocades, etc., from our ground floor boutique.

MEMBERS of the Good Food Club (President Raymond Postgate, membership now 40,000) recommend in The Good Food Guide 1957-8 the restaurants, inns and hotels in Britain where you can rely on good food, good service and reasonable charges. This famous Guide's reputation for complete independence is strictly maintained. 1957-8 Edition available from all bookshops and stationers at 7s. 6d. Published by Cassell.

THE Greatest Reward for a hard day's work is a good meal made better with Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

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PERSONAL

BOOKSHOP. Entire contents for sale (25,000 vols. approx.) £600. Box 3353.

MOTHER of 3 needs locum, approx. Aug. 16-Sept. 21 while away for 4th. Live in or out. Other help available. CHI. 5585.

RENT free accom. offered to yng. couple in exchange care of small boy. 1 child welcome. Box 3639.

PERFECT holiday in small hotel, plus small salary, in return for part-time office work. Telephone or write Easton Court Hotel, Chagford 3169, Devon.

SECLUDED country cottage wanted: Kent, Surrey, Sussex, by professional couple, for week/longer, August 11. Box 3521.

TWO German girls 17-18 want to spend August with English family as paying guests or in exchange light duties. Reply: P. Hunt, 17 Cambalt Road, S.W.15.

BROADWOOD Grand Piano for sale. Exc. condition. £30. HAM. 3781, morns. only.

BECHSTEIN Grand (black) 6ft. 6in. 7½ oct., best vintage, perfect cond., £185 or near. Rönisch Upright, lovely tone & touch, £80. No dealers. LAD. 3355.

SWISS Professional Gentleman, 33, seeks comfortable room in private home near centre of London for 3 months from about July 17. Perhaps occasional meals (vegetarian). Suggestions immediately please to Graf, Via Concordia 14, Lugano-Cassarate.

AUTHOR/Composer with facile talent for writing the type of number popular in modern musical comedy, welcomes collaboration with playwright evgs./w'ends. Box 3584.

EXPERIENCED teacher shorthand-typing reqd., West End School. Part-time or full-time, book-keeping an adv. Box 3288.

QUALIFIED Nurse, young lady, offers elderly or invalid person night care. London area. Box 3640.

URGENT. Accommodation wanted. Woman 36, daughter 4, return specified duties. Own food supplied. Box 3370.

HOLIDAY Exchange. House in London (acc. 5, big garden) against similar acc. nr. mountains, lakes/seaside. Aug. Box 3143.

CULTURED family Geneva would accept students, m. & f., for holiday periods. Dr. Hugo Pick, 4 Bd. de la Tour, Geneva.

PART-time student (m), 31, would welcome information on London club catering for social and intellectual needs, having members of varied backgrounds, imbued with tolerance and (un)common sense rather than convention and conditioning. Alternatively, any other savages or rebels interested in creating such a club? Box 3504.

BACHELOR Socialist (35) reqs. companion (m.), Galway holiday. Fly July 28, return Aug. 11 (all-in cost £30). Box 2994.

SLIGHTLY handicapped female (50ish) interested in art, beautiful landscapes, warm bathing, human beings of all nations and races, speaking German, French & some Italian, wd. like suggestions for leisurely holiday 3 weeks or longer Aug.-Sept. Box 3368.

BACHELOR, 34, wishes join party lazy Mediterranean holiday August. Box 3474.

ARE you driving to Italy August? We have a queue of passengers wishing to share your car expenses. Also many car seats available all over continent. S.a.e. Car Guest Registry, 89 Lower Sloane St., S.W.1.

YOUNG, slightly Bohemian, penniless girl student seeks companion (f) hitch-hike Edinburgh Festival. Box 3487.

WOMAN painter wants expense-sharing passenger/co-driver to tour Portugal September; graduate (f) preferred. Box 3468.

GIRL Co-Driver wntd. by f., 5 wk. tour Italy, Spain from beg. Aug. PARk 3785.

JAGUAR Mk. 7 owner-driver proposes trip Russia. 3 or 4 seats avail. Dates open. Firm, realistic offers only, please. Box 3430.

NEW Zealand teacher, male, 26, competent driver, seeks employment for all or part of the period July 27 to September 8. Interesting work more important than high remuneration. An opportunity to see the country welcomed, but any type of work considered. Box 3547.

2 seats avail. Wyvern going Paris July 26, retg. Aug. 3. 10 gns. each. STR. 0262.

VACANT place open car S. France, July 10 &/or return beginning Sept. &/or furn. room Bandol, cheap. Box 3433.

SPORTS Ground N.W.4, 3 tennis courts, pavilion, running track, Saturdays only, annual letting. Details: Gradon, 25 Beaufort Park, N.W.11.

MAN (23), art. int., seeks similar: find, share Chelsea flat. Box 3305.

YOUR Writing Success begins with "Know-How." Send for Free N.3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd., 124 New Bond St., W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

COME and teach at the Working Men's College (non-political) next session. Wide range of subjects and social activities. Evgs. only. Unpaid and enjoyable. Please write to the College, Crowndale Road, N.W.1.

GRANADA, city of Falla and Lorca. If you know no Spanish, or if you know a great deal, there is a Course for you at the Sacro Monte now till August 24. Join when you like: stay as long as you like. Details of this pleasantest, most intelligent and cheapest holiday from Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada, Spain.

"A THIRD small voice." Four weeks' enquiry into "non-violent resistance," conducted in English, Friendship Ho., Bückeburg, Germany, Sept. 6-Oct. 4. Fee £13 or 10s. per day part-time. Information from Hughes, 35 Doulting, Shepton Mallet, Som.

WILFRED Trotter Week-end: July 19 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; July 26, "Roman Sites" & "Facing the Unknown."

ITALIAN, French or German knowledge for your holiday. Easy, quick and successful method. Also coaching up to University entrance. Mrs. Chanda, HAM. 7322.

YOU will speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni or your fees refunded. Tel. WELbeck 7411/2.

DORDOGNE and Pyrenees: 15-day camp tour July 27. Few seats only, v. mod. incl. cost. PRI 4068 or Box 3435.

SUMMER Camp at Sorrento, July 30-August 22, 1957. Inclusive price 30 gns. 33 gns., depending on numbers. Open to boys and girls aged 11-18. For further details apply The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, London, N.W.3 or telephone HAMpstead 2019 in school hours. Closing date July 1.

CHILDREN over 10 welcomed to mix with children from France for summer months in Woodland Property in Chilterns (800ft). Information from The Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

CHOOSING new Furniture? The unique Furniture Selection Centre (opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth) enables you to view several nearby manufacturers' showrooms. Wise choice facilitated by seeing full ranges and latest exhibition designs. Products of 100 makers on view in our large Pictorial Library including the famous makes. This Self-Service way of buying your new furniture, carpets, etc., is supplemented if desired by reliable Free Advisory Service. Examples: Furniture for 3-room flat, £259; 4 rooms, £309; 6 rooms, £447; 8 rooms, £525; any suite supplied separately. Free delivery 200 miles. Pioneered by Andrews of London & Oxford (own warehouse stocks £80,000). Full details in 32-page Exhibition Booklet free on request from The Furniture Selection Centre (Desk 6), Berwick House, upper part of 139/143 Oxford Street, W.1. Open daily incl. Sats. till 6. Late night Thursday till 8. Half-day Monday. In same building Andrews Estate Agency Dept. offers new houses and bungalows (choice of 65 Developments & Estates in suburbs & Home Counties).

FLORENCE. Accommodation offered in private house w. garden. Room and bkfst. 18s. Mrs. V. Hopfen, Bellosguardo 24.

CANNES. Detached villa. English hostess. Six persons. Oct. onwds. Box 3460.

COSTA Brava: Villas & flats still vacant June, July, August, Sept. £7-£15 per week. Write: Gibson, San Jaime 315, Calella (Barcelona).

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PERSONAL—continued

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STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd., Regent Hse., Regent St., W.1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets. & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

OXWICH Bay Children's Camp. August, 4 gns. p.w. Ages 11-17. Tony Gibson, 52 Elsworthy Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 7573.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. Thanet House School, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts. through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

HOW to Write and Sell. Send today for free folder, "What's in it for You." The Writer, 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

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Tue.	Tannhäuser
Wed.	Rigoletto
Thu.	Manon Lescaut
Fri.	The Tales of Hoffmann
Sat. (Mat.)	Carmen
Sat. (Evg.)	Faust

Evenings 7.0. Sat. Mat. 2.30

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN

July 1 to 6

COVENT GARDEN OPERA

Last 3 weeks of Season

Evgs. at 7.30. Tue. July 2 at 6.0

Mon. & Wed.	Last perfs. of Tosca
Tue.	The Trojans
Thur.	Carmen
Fri.	Turandot
Sat	The Magic Flute

(COV. 1066)

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THEATRES

ARTS (TEM. 3334). 7.30 (ex Mon.) St., Sun. 5 & 8. Less Than Kind (Mems.).

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue, 3rd edn. Dly. 2.30. Sun. 3. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. W. 2.30. The Making of Moo.

TOWER. Open Air Production Love's Labour's Lost. 7.30 July 3, 4, 5 and 6 (matinee 3 p.m.). CAN. 5111 (CAN. 3475 before 6). Canonbury Place, N.1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. "Cyanamide." first English perf. of play by Burt Marnik. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, June 30, Royal Festival Hall at 7.30. London Symphony Orchestra cond. by Leopold Stokowski: Overture Rosamunde—Schubert; Symphony No. 2—Schumann; Symphony No. 8— Vaughan-Williams. Wed. July 3 at 8: Symphony No. 33 & Piano Concerto in A, K.488—Mozart, Concerto for Orchestra — Bartók. Soloist, Denis Matthews; Conductor, Antal Dorati. Tickets 5s. to 21s. from Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

INVITATION Pianoforte Recitals by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Tuesdays, July 9 and 16, at 7 p.m. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 32 Brunswick Gdns. W.8. Std. addressed env. with all applicns. by post.

ENTERTAINMENTS

EVERYMAN, Ham. 1525. Ealing Comedy Season. Until June 30: Guinness in The Man in the White Suit (U). From July 1: Passport to Pimlico (U).

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Suns. excepted). Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Medium" (X).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. Wat. 3232. Sat., June 29. "Es Geschah Am 20 Juli" (The Jackboot Mutiny). Dir.: G. W. Pabst. 3.00, 6.00, 8.30. Members and Associates only.

ASIAN Music Circle. Manipuri Dances by Nayan Jhaveri Group. 3 Performances at French Institute, Queensbury Place, S.W.7. Thurs. July 11 at 8 p.m. Sat. July 13 at 2.30 and 8. Inf. re. membership, tickets, etc. from A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. FIN. 2934.

CENT. Lon. Fab. Soc. Dance at Artworkers Guildhall, Queen Sq., W.C.2. Sat., July 6, 8-11.30. 3s. 6d. adm. Refr. avail.

I.C.A. 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., June 29, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Norman Jackson and his Noveltones. Members 3s. (3 guests only per member) 5s.

TROPIC Night. Dance to Ambrose Campbell's Band. St. Pancras Town Hall, Sat., June 29, 7.30. Tickets 5s. Ladies 4s. Internat. Soc. Cttee., 56 Bayham St., N.W.1.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ROXY. Bay. 2345. June 30, 7 days. The Turning Point (U). The Bigamist (U).

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Reproductions on view daily at 11 Gt. Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. New illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery, Church Street. "The Influence of Wales in Painting from the 18th Century to the present day." June 29 to Aug. 11. Weekdays 10-7. Sundays 2.30-7. Admission free.

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam & Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.0-6.0. 2s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition Paintings by J. C. Ibbetson. Admission Free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Paintings by Wols. Until July 13. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sats. 10-1. Closed Sundays. Admission 6d. Members free.

FINSBURY Art Group. "Two Stages." Original designs, models, etc., from Sadler's Wells and Old Vic productions of last decade. Finsbury Town Hall June 27-July 12. 12-7 dly. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Sidney Nolan: retrospective exhib. of paintings from 1947-1957. Weekdays 11-6; Sun. 2-6; closed Mons. Free. Adj. Aldgate East Stn.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St., W.1. Klein: Monochrome propositions.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. New Painting by Raymond Guerrier; Raiph Rumney. Extension of exhibition by Jacques-Emile Blanche.

WILHELM Lehmbruck, an exhibition of sculpture, with paintings, drawings and etchings. An Arts Council Exhibition. The Tate Gallery. Open till July 7. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s. 6d.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Sculpture: Moore, Marini, Hepworth. McWilliam, Epstein, Underwood. From June 4.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: William Harvey Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon.-Friday, 10.15. Adm. free.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W.1. European Masters: Bonnard, Boudin, Cassatt, Chagall, Degas, Matisse, Modigliani, Picasso, Renoir, Rouault, Sisley, Van Dongen, Wyndham Lewis, etc. All the Exhibits are for sale. Adm. free. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

LORD'S Gallery. Adm. free. Open daily 10-7 incl. Sunday. 26 Wellington Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8. PRI. 4444. Until July 13. Recent paintings by Fahr-El-Nissa.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Post Picasso Paris—Paintings & Sculpture. Until 27 July. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. 20th Century Paintings.

"SCULPTURE—1850 and 1950." An exhib. of British works shown in Holland Park, Kensington. 10 to dusk. Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"WORLD Government—the Way to Permanent Peace." Public Meeting, Great Hall (Caxton Hall), S.W.1. Wed., July 10, 1957, at 6.30 for 7 p.m. Speakers: M. Robert Muron, M.P. (France); Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P.; Rt. Hon. Lord Silkin; Rt. Hon. Lord Boyd Orr, F.R.S.; Mr. I. J. Pitman, M.P.; Mr. Gilbert McAllister. Reserved seats 2s. 6d. from Parliamentary Association for World Government, 2 Manchester Sq., W.1.

PANDIT Nehru reception arranged by The India League at the Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1. on Wednesday July 3, at 6.15 p.m. Admission cards, price 2s. 6d., obtainable at the office, 31a John Adam Street, W.C.2. TRA 6465.

CENT. London Fabian Soc. F. Hepworth: "Fifty years on Probation." Wed. July 3, 7.30. 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Public Lecture, Wed., July 3, 6.30 sharp: "The Pursuit of Zen." Christmas Humphreys. Read "The Middle Way." 2s. 9d. quarterly post free. Inf. TAT. 1313.

HUMANISM Explained. A series of 8 talks, IV, "Deciding that one is a Humanist," H. J. Blackham, at 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. Sun., June 30, at 7 p.m.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and Demonstrations London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Bel. 3351.

THE School of Paranormal Psychology, 43 Ladbroke Square, W.11. Three Lectures by Miss Frances Hedderly. "Phrenology in the Light of Psychology," Friday, July 5, 12 & 19 at 6.45 p.m. Silver collection.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB

announce

Skiffle Social

Thursday, July 4, 8.30 p.m.

A. L. Lloyd: Ballads and Blues.

Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1.

BASIL Davidson—just back from Poland. Questions, discussion. Sat., June 29, 8 p.m. for 8.30. British-Polish F'ship. Soc., 81 Portland Place, W.1.

ALAN Bush tells of refusal Trinidad & British Guiana authorities to let him land. Protest meeting on restrictions on right to travel in British territory. Conway Hall, Friday, July 5, 7.30. Chairman, Malcolm Purdie. Speakers include Fenner Brockway, M.P., D. N. Pritt, Q.C., Monica Whately. Organised by the National Council for Civil Liberties. Admission Free.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Tues., July 2, 8.15 p.m. Architecture: Lewis Mumford: The Package and the Pyramid. Members 2s. 6d. and 1 guest only 5s. Seats must be booked in advance.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Camden Hill Road, W.8, at 6 p.m. on July 6. Film: Le Ballon Rouge & The Sinner.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates on "La Grande Sartreuse," Conway Hall, Thurs., July 4, 7.30 p.m.

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m. June 30, W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., "The Dead Sea Scrolls." Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

I.S.S.S. Discussion (continued): Religion and Nationalism in a Socialist Education. 7.30 Monday, July 1. Malatesta Club, 32 Percy St., W.1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. PARk 7696. Fri., June 28, 8 p.m. Dr. H. D. Hughes (principal, Ruskin Coll., Oxford), "Education in U.S.S.R." Tues., July 2, 8 p.m. Anna Boutkovskaya, "Meetings with Tchaikovsky" (Russian with translation).

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

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NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group. May 6 to Sept. 13, 1957. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners are welcomed. Book for a week, a fortnight or longer. For prospectus apply Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance.

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THREE Junior Scholarships offered by Little Abbey School, Newbury (boys' preparatory) to boys under 9 on July 1, value £70, £60 & £50 p.a. Exam. & interview July 16. Full fees £80 per term. Lovely country surroundings. Parts.: Headmaster.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1; Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.